

The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

DECEMBER

1927



Ralph Henry Barbour—Jane Abbott—Thomson Burtis—Edith Ballinger Price

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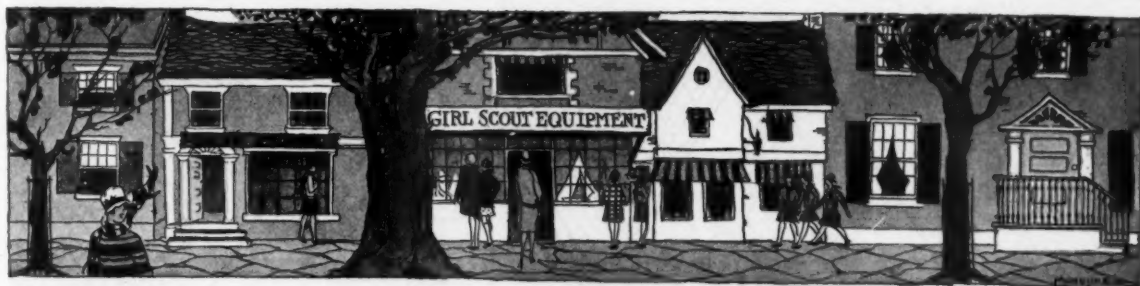
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A Brand New Contest —Block Prints!

One month until Christmas! But still time to cut your linoleum block print for your very own Christmas card, or to design a bookplate as a gift for someone who loves books—and enter them in our block print contest. Ilonka Karasz told how to cut linoleum blocks in the October and November issues of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, you remember. And, if you read her article last month, you know all about the Block Print Contest, too, to which you may send a print of your Christmas card or any designs that you have made.

One nice thing about this contest is that you may enter as many prints as you wish—provided you observe all the conditions and mail your entries to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* by December thirtieth. Another nice thing is that Ilonka Karasz herself will be judge, and will tell in the magazine why she has selected certain prints as the best.

The contest is open to any reader of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and one of you—the one whose design is adjudged the best of all that have come in—will receive a set of wood-carving tools. Two beautiful wood block prints, ready for framing, will be given to the girls making the second and third best designs.

Here are the conditions of the contest. Read them carefully—even if you have read them in last month's magazine—for it is very important that you should observe *all* the rules.

1. You may choose any subject.
2. Your print may be for a Christmas or greeting card, a bookplate for yourself or someone else or for your troop or school, a picture to hang on a wall, an illustration for a story or poem or for the Beholder page.
3. It should be printed in black ink on white paper, so we can reproduce it.
4. The print must be designed and cut by the girl submitting it, but it may be printed by someone else.
5. Put your name, age, troop number (if you are a Girl Scout) and address on the back of the print.
6. You may send in as many prints as you wish.
7. All prints must be in by midnight December 30, 1927.

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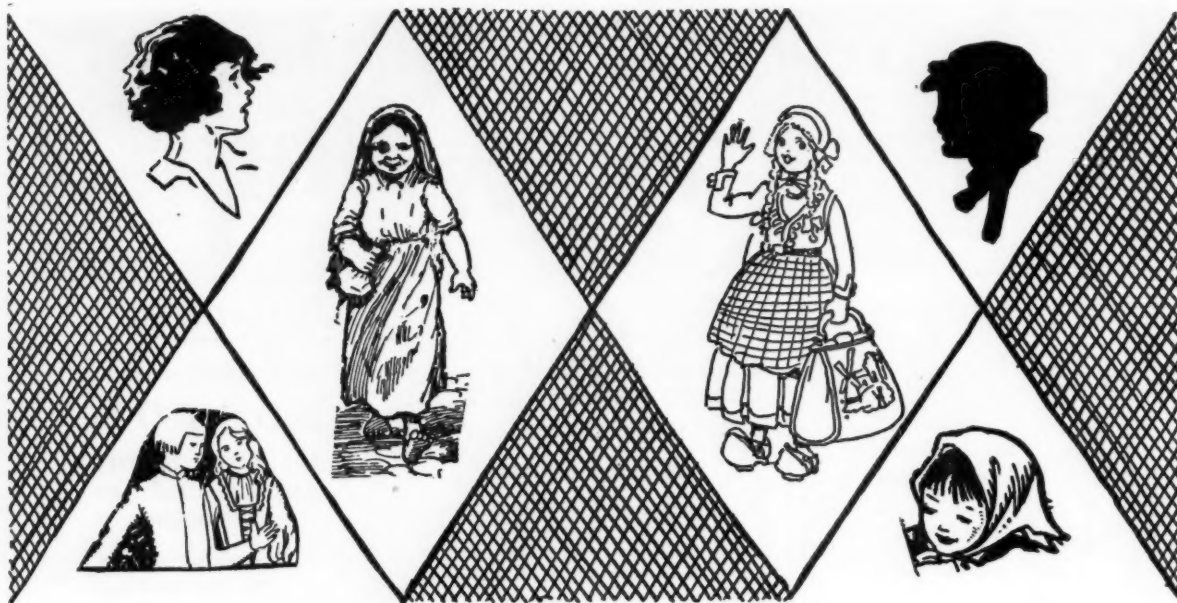
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Doubleday, Page & Company



Along the Editor's Trail

DO YOU perhaps know one of the Girl Scouts who last summer sailed away from the United States to attend our World Camp in Switzerland? Have they told you of their good times there in the camp with three hundred girls from twenty-two different countries?

Last summer, it was camping time around the world. And to our camp there in Switzerland every girl brought the story of how she and her friends enjoyed camping in their own country. Perhaps their tents were somewhat different from ours—but they were pitched on the same earth and above them were the branches of trees and the blue sky. Perhaps the food they cooked was not at all like ours—but they gathered their fuel and laid their fires and lighted them just the same!

And now it is Christmas time around the world, with the thought of peace on earth, good will to

men in our hearts. Christmas—there were Swiss girls in our world camp who today are happy with Yuletide preparations in their many-windowed chalets. Perhaps they are hanging wreaths of the lovely edelweiss and greens. Perhaps they are planning special little Christmas surprises, just

as you are planning them. And our girls who camped with them across the ocean can shut their eyes and see them as they looked those happy summer days.

Christmas—there were jolly English girls in that camp, who danced with vim and so merrily. Perhaps, this very afternoon, they are at work upon a Christmas folk dance or an old play, possibly the one about St. George and the dragon which came to us from England.

Christmas—there were French girls in camp who sang so beautifully that the campfire programs were unforgettable. Can't you imagine them today, practising their Christmas carols which they will sing on Christmas Eve just as you and your troop are planning to sing them?

Peace on earth—if there had not been peace on earth last summer, the girls from many lands could not have met together beneath the summer sun and the summer stars. If there had been no peace, girls who are friends today would never have known each other. Life is richer and happier for us all when good will to men is in our hearts. Is there a greater, finer thing for which we may work through the years than peace on earth?



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HELEN FERRIS, Editor
CAMILLE DAVID, Managing Editor

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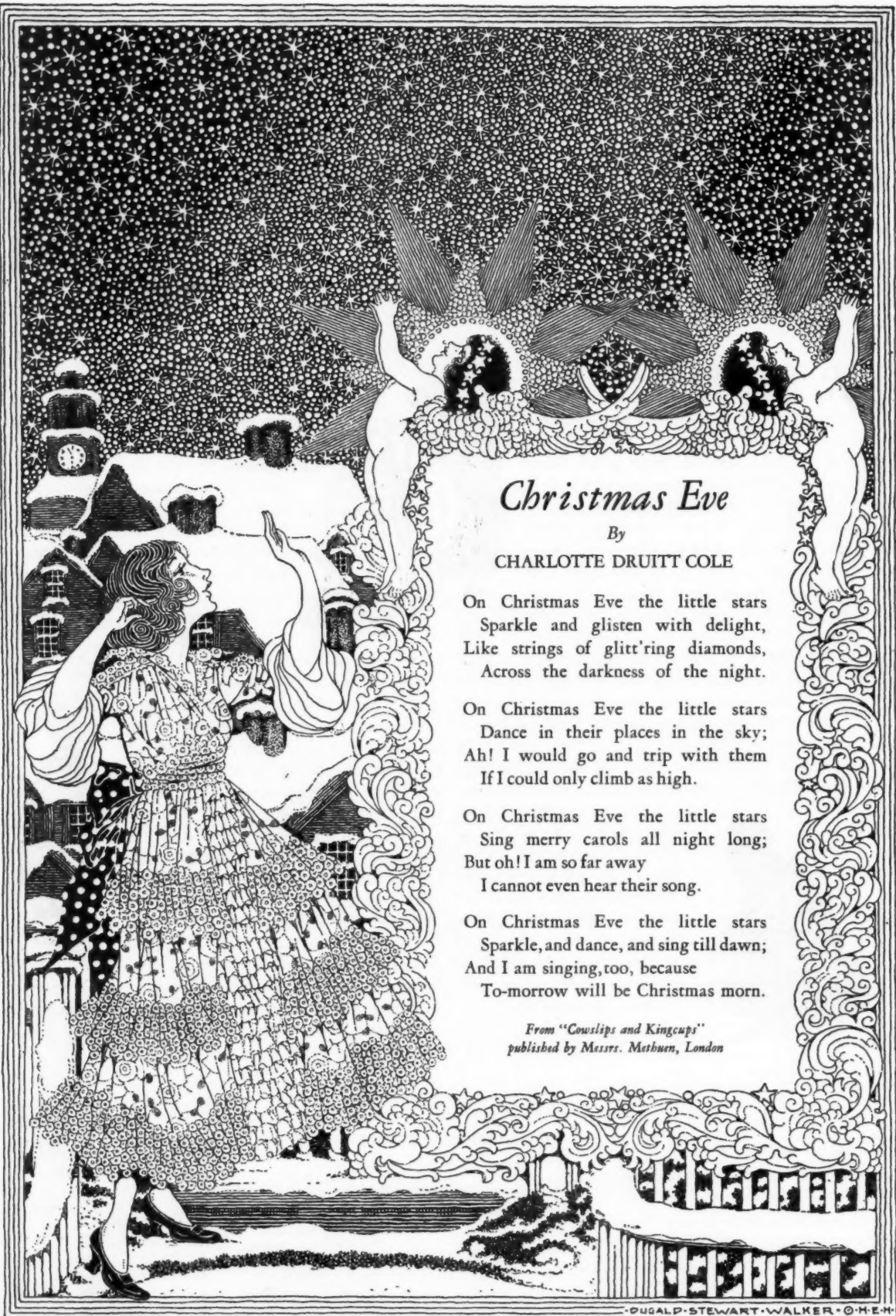
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NUMBER 12



Christmas Eve

By

CHARLOTTE DRUITT COLE

On Christmas Eve the little stars
Sparkle and glisten with delight,
Like strings of glitt'ring diamonds,
Across the darkness of the night.

On Christmas Eve the little stars
Dance in their places in the sky;
Ah! I would go and trip with them
If I could only climb as high.

On Christmas Eve the little stars
Sing merry carols all night long;
But oh! I am so far away
I cannot even hear their song.

On Christmas Eve the little stars
Sparkle, and dance, and sing till dawn;
And I am singing, too, because
To-morrow will be Christmas morn.

From "Cowslips and Kingcups"
published by Messrs. Methuen, London

THE AMERICAN GIRL

The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

Helen Ferris, Editor

December, 1927

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Looking after Mollie

Look after Bim Wilson's cousin on the train going home for Christmas? He'd be hanged if he would! —Curt Sloan didn't like girls anyhow

*Illustrations
by Edward Monks*

HARBOR POINT SCHOOL closed for the Christmas holidays on the twenty-third, and the evening before that all-important date the long corridors of the dormitory resounded with cheerful, even hilarious, indications of impending departure. Trunks slithered hither and yon, suit cases and kit-bags littered floors, restless youths wandered from room to room, driving more industrious friends to despair. Into number thirty-one came "Bim" Wilson, a perfunctory knock on the closed door scarcely preceding the opening of the portal. Curtis Sloan, kneeling before a partly filled steamer trunk, glanced up and grunted. He and his room-mate, Billy Jordan, had entered into a compact whereby Curt was to have until eight-thirty to do his packing unhindered by the presence or advice of the other and, since his time was nearly up, the advent of Bim was not particularly welcome. Bim seated himself in the Morris chair, atop three of Curt's newly laundered shirts and smiled kindly. Curt arose silently, extricated the shirts and returned to his task. Bim continued to smile, unaffected by the implied rebuke. Bim, who was a sixth



He found himself sharing a red velvet seat in the day coach and a most delectable jelly sandwich

form chap and a person of immense importance at Harbor Point, was not easily rebuked. His kindly condescending smile broadened into an ingratiating grin. Curt, had he noted the fact, would have been suspicious, but he was busily chinking the upper part of the trunk with compressed articles of attire—rolled socks and folded handkerchiefs and the like. Why it was necessary to take practically his entire wardrobe home for a ten-day visit was

a mystery, but just about everyone did it, so he did. "Curt, I've got a job for you," announced Bim Wilson jovially.

"No, thanks," said Curt.

"Shut up. You'll like this. Are you listening?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, take your head out of that trunk a minute, then. Say, you're going up on the ten-twenty-four tomorrow, aren't you?"

"Am if I get packed."

"Listen then. I've got a cousin who's getting on at Walpole. She's at Miss Faulkner's you know. Guess there won't be many of the girls going our way, and I told Aunt Lucy I'd look after her."

"Commendable, I call it. Toss me that sweater there, will you? Every fellow ought to be kind to his aunt. Thanks."

"Not Aunt Lucy, you idiot, my cousin. Her name's Mollie Bennett. You see most of the gang there go down to New York, and Mollie's likely to be about the only one going up our way. Well, you know how girls are, Curt—"

"No, I don't."

"Kind of—of nervous when they travel alone. Likely to get on the wrong trains or forget something, like their ticket or their bag or—"

"She can't get on the wrong train," said Curt coldly, "because there's only one. Say, I didn't mean to pack that sweater! Hang it, Bim, you get me all balled up!"

"What I'm getting at," continued the visitor, "is this, old timer. Jerry Martin wants me to make it by car with him, see? His dad's coming down for him in the morning, there'll be plenty of room in the car and it'll beat that old slow train."

"Thanks, I'd like to."

"Huh? Like to what?"

"Why, go along with you and Jerry. I can send my trunk by express—"

"Oh, I don't believe—fact is, Jerry's already asked a couple more fellows. No, what I want you to do, Curt, is look after the kid."

"What kid?" inquired Curt, palpably at a loss.

"Why, Mollie. My cousin. You see, Aunt Lucy—"

"No, thanks," He carefully packed an assortment of ties. "But, hang it, old man, you've got to! There's no one else I can ask. Listen, Curt. She's a real nice kid. Sort of pretty, too—was, anyway, last time I saw her. She won't be any trouble, honest. All you've got to do—"

"No, thanks."

"All you've got to do is to tell who you are and how

I couldn't come, and chin her a bit and then see she gets a taxi at the station. Of course, it would look better if you took her to Aunt Lucy's, but you wouldn't have to do it. Nothing difficult about that, is there?"

Curt lifted the tray into the trunk, dropped the lid and sat on it, meanwhile looking about the room somewhat dubiously as one does after the lid is closed.

"All right?" asked Bim hopefully.

"Think so. No, by gosh, I've forgotten my pumps!"

"I mean about Mollie," said Bim a bit impatiently. "You'll do it, eh?"

"No, thanks," Curt inserted the pumps and again sat on the lid.

"Well, you will," announced Bim truculently. "Look here, Curt, this is serious. Just remember that if you can't be—well, a bit obliging yourself there's no reason why I should be."

"Meaning what?" asked Curt, viewing discouragedly the distance between hasp and lock.

"You know well enough," answered the other significantly.

"Stoic?"

"Sure! Look here, if you won't put yourself out a tiny little bit for a pal, I'm hanged if I see why I should try to get you into Stoic, Curt."

"How about your promise?"

"Promise? I didn't make any promise. At least, all I said was that I'd—Well what of it? Stoic doesn't want members who can't be—be friendly. All I've asked you to do—"

"S all right, Bim. If you want to keep me out of the society for any reason like this one you go right ahead. If I thought the rest of the crowd were like you I wouldn't want to join, anyway. Looks like snow, doesn't it? Well, good night, Bim."

When Billy ventured in a few minutes later and heard what had happened he was pessimistic. "Bim Wilson's got a lot of influence," he said, shaking his head dubiously. "F

I was you, Curt, I'd do

it. Anyhow, what's your objection? The girl can't eat you! If it was me I'd be mighty glad to have someone to talk to on a three-hour trip."

"I don't know what to say to girls, Billy. They—they don't talk about things I can talk about, and they have a silly way of giggling for no reason whatever that I can see. At least, all I've ever talked to were like that. I guess



She was sitting there, languid, yet palpably most self-conscious

girls are all right, but I can't bother with 'em, Billy."

"Regular woman-hater, eh?" laughed Billy.

Curt shook his head. "Don't hate 'em, of course. I just don't—Anyway, Billy, think what a cousin of Bim's would be like! Gee, if I did let myself in for anything like that it wouldn't be with any of Bim Wilson's tribe!"

"Oh, Bim has his points."

"So has a cactus."

"Better think it over. After all, Curt, making Stoic isn't to be sneezed at, and if you don't get in this year you'll have a punk chance next. I'd talk to a girl all the way from here to San Francisco if I thought it would get me into Stoic!"

"Huh, you'd talk to a girl for nothing! Guess I might have done what he wanted if he hadn't pulled that stuff about keeping me out. That made me mad. Oh, well, lots of fellows get along without making Stoic, and I guess I can live through it."

But after he was in bed that night he entertained regrets and, the next forenoon, when the train slowed down for the station at Walpole, he had begun to reconsider his decision. He hadn't seen Bim again, but he was certainly not in the parlor car and so was presumably journeying to Stratford by motor, his promise to Aunt Lucy discarded. It had snowed all night and was still at it, although in a more desultory fashion, and several inches of a feathery whiteness hid the landscape. Curt decided that the ninety-odd mile trip by motor would present difficulties, and found that his sympathies were not at all engaged. So far as he was concerned, Bim might spend Christmas in a snow-drift without putting a crimp in the season's joyousness. Nevertheless, Bim's favor was not to be despised by one seeking admission into the school's most exclusive society, and it wasn't yet too late to re-establish himself in that favor. Even if he had said no, and said it not only emphatically but rather insultingly, there was nothing to keep him from acting yes—nothing, that is, save inclination. There were three empty chairs in the parlor car, and when the train stopped at the snow-blanketed platform Curt's gaze settled apprehensively on the forward entrance. Perhaps if Mollie Bennett looked like a girl who wouldn't giggle at unexpected moments—

But the next instant Curt knew that his decision was not to be changed. The porter entered bearing luggage and followed by a tall, drooping maiden of perhaps sixteen, heavily swathed in fur. Curt averted his gaze hurriedly lest by some mental process the girl should reach the conclusion that he had taken over Bim's duties. Whether she was what he mentally called a giggler he didn't decide.

That was immaterial. He knew at first glance that Stoic Society was not for him. Curt didn't like very high cheekbones and long, thin noses and pointed chins on anyone—especially on girls. And he didn't like complexions too palpably artificial. And he

didn't like the air of self-satisfied importance worn by the young lady—the long, cool stare up and down the car while the porter arranged her luggage. More than all else, however, he didn't like the undeniable resemblance to Bim Wilson. Bim was not a handsome youth, say what you liked! Quietly

Curt removed himself to the smoking compartment. It was oppressively stuffy in there, and he had to squeeze himself into no more than twelve inches of space on the leather divan, but he felt safer.

The train went on and the snow continued to fall. Curt's depression lifted slightly as he remembered that in another hour they would reach Englewood and pause long enough for a brief visit to the station lunch counter. He watched the winter landscape flow smoothly, silently past the windows, white fields traversed at intervals by lead-gray streams, bordered by leafless, snow-tufted trees. The low hills westward were only faintly visible save where, here and there, a patch of dark evergreens clothed a slope. A little village went by; a store and a few houses and a box-like church; a small automobile struggling through the snow; a boy in a blue woolen cap dragging a Christmas tree; an old man carrying a bulging gunny-sack on his back. Perhaps it was the Christmas tree that brought Curt's mood more in tune with the season, for he forgot Stoic Society and Bim Wilson and the girl ahead and

thought of home and Mother and Dad and the wonderful ten days that had begun.

When he became conscious of the outside world again the snowstorm had increased. The windows were blotched gray-white and streaked with moisture, and flakes had piled at their angles. The train was going very slowly now, so slowly that one might have almost walked beside it. The luncheon stop was still a half-hour away. Then, with a

(Continued on page 29)



They tiptoed past the smoking compartment to peek at Mollie Bennett

Beginning a rollicking two-part

" 'Twas the



As they leaned over the bannister, they saw a man disappear through the door leading into the living room. It was not the caretaker

THE Three Disgraces sat in gloomy consideration of Christmas.

"It's horrid, being in the in-between age," sighed Alice Barber. "I downright envy Toots when Christmas comes. She's just six and is still excited about dolls and toys and Santa Claus. And we're not old enough to go to the grown-up parties!"

"When you're our age you always know what you're going to get, too. And it's usually something to wear and something you'd have to have anyway. I suppose all my relatives will come to our house this year for dinner, same as usual, only there'll be two more, with Cousin Mabel's new twins," groaned Claire Coxé.

Dunny Fairbairn, the most graceless of the Three Disgraces, so named by their families years ago because of their extraordinary ability to get into trouble, sat cross-legged on the *chaise longue* and cupped a frowning face in her hands. As the recognized leader of the trio she considered that it fell upon her to save the approaching holiday for them. Whatever be the plan they adopted, it must follow the policy of their secret club, which policy was revolt against time-fixed customs beneath the dignity of their fifteen years. Dunny had written the constitution for the club at a time when her grievances were at a pitch beyond which she could endure no more—Floss, her twenty-year-old sister, who had had her portrait painted by a visiting artist because she was so pretty, had had a lock put on her clothes-closet and kept the key hidden. Too, Floss had a disagreeable way of introducing her to her men friends as "my little rascal sister." Dunny was allowed to hold the constitution in her keeping, which she did in the secret drawer of her desk along with the snapshot of "Maxy," Miss Prentiss, the new gym teacher on whom she lavished much admiration—but then Dunny was good at gym.



Maxy

By its constitution, the trio stood for individual freedom even at painful cost, for one's inviolate right to follow one's own inclination in the matter of dress, to choose one's own hour for retiring, to eat or not to eat as one wished and *never* to eat spinach and carrots and oatmeal because they were good for one, and to seek out only such pastimes as were along original and exciting lines.

But Christmas presented a problem even to Dunny's unflinching initiative. The usual celebration of trees and stockings and tissue-wrapped packages and holly overhead and underfoot and sometimes in chairs where one sat on it to one's discomfort was of such long establishment that there seemed no escape from it—nothing "different."

"But I'll think of something," Dunny promised the others.

It wasn't any use asking for a party. Mother'd say she couldn't manage it with all the fussing she had to do for Floss, and anyway, if mother did manage it, it would be like all the other parties—guessing games and Dad's tricks and ice cream and cake or, at the best, fruit salad.

Of course she *did* want a string of pearls. She considered she was old enough to wear them. If she could coax her family to give her the pearls it certainly would make this Christmas different for her. But that wouldn't help out her friends and they were pledged to stand together.

One afternoon as she walked home alone from school, deep in her problem, a voice behind her hailed her. "Dunny, wait a minute."

It was Greta Cameron. Dunny answered her none too graciously. Greta had lived in the town for only a few months and Dunny and her chums, considering her too affected for their liking, had left her severely alone.

But she walked home with Greta and immediately upon reaching home flew to the telephone and summoned her sister Disgraces into meeting.

"I've found it," she cried when the door was safely shut.

"What?"

"What we'll do on Christmas. It's grand and different. We'll have a house party."

Her two colleagues gasped at such an idea.

"But where?"

She unfolded the plan. Greta Cameron's mother had had a letter from a very dear friend, Miss Ferris, who lived in New York, suggesting that Greta take a few of her school-mates to her old country place up in the Connecticut woods and have a jolly old-fashioned Christmas and—"Greta wants us to go with her."

"Go with Greta Cameron?" Claire exclaimed, astonished.

"Oh, she isn't so bad—when you know her. She's an acquired taste—like eating artichokes. And it's nice in her to want us—we've snubbed her terribly, you know we have. And it'd be going somewhere! Why, we'd have to ride six hours on the train and then drive a long way from the station to the house."

"We'd have to take a chaperon," reminded Claire with a primness that ill became a Disgrace and an Individual of fifteen.

Dunny played her trump card. "We could ask Maxy. I know she'd go—I heard her saying her home was too far away for her to go back for Christmas and she'd go anywhere to get away from that boarding-house where she lives. I'll ask her. Greta suggests our

story of Christmas fun and adventure by JANE ABBOTT

Night before Christmas"

going the day before Christmas. And maybe we can stay all through the vacation. Anyway, we ought to pack quite a few things—"

"I don't believe my mother will let me go," put in Alice.

"You see, we really don't know anything about Greta's family. Mother hasn't called on her mother—"

Dunny threw her a withering look. "That's old-fashioned—to bother about all that. Of course if you have to know all about her grandmother and her great-grandmother the whole thing's off." But Dunny did not want the whole thing off, so she veered quickly back to her plans. "I'll get my mother to say it's all right and then I'll ask her to call up your mother. And if Maxy goes I'm sure she'll let you go."

"Maybe we'd be homesick in a place way off like that—on Christmas," Alice persisted.

This was beyond Dunny's imagining. "Homesick? Girls our age? Why, it would be like the house parties you read about. Greta's never been there but she's heard this Auntie May—that's what she calls her—talk about it. It's the old family home. She wrote that she'd have a caretaker open it up and build fires and get in some food. I think it will be a great big adventure, and it's different. Floss has never gone to a house party like it," and Dunny's eyes gleamed with triumph. "Now, are you ready to vote on it?"

There were three ayes. "The affirmative carries. We go," cried Dunny.

Dunny had her own way of getting what she wanted. When her parents in their wisdom denied her some desire of her heart she always used that psychological moment to ask for something else. Now she played the pearls against the house party. She implored her family to give her pearls for Christmas.

"Why, you're too young to wear them," Floss laughed derisively.

"You certainly are too young for real pearls and I hate shams," Mother said with a sorry look in her eyes as if she hated to refuse anyone anything at Christmas time. "Wait a few years, Dunny."

"Pearls! Stuff and nonsense, kiddo," Dad said emphatically.

Then Dunny, trying to look tearful about the pearls, pressed the house party. "I suppose you won't let me go on that, either, but I *am* old enough and it'll be such fun—"

At first Mother looked a little shocked at the idea of her wanting to go away at Christmas time and Dad told how once, when he was Dunny's age, he'd gone to visit a cousin and had got up in the middle of the night and walked ten miles home. But they finally consented, or at least Mother did and Dad grunted and wondered what the child would want to do next and Floss said it sounded jolly.

Dunny told them all about the old house in the hills and even showed them Stanton on the automobile road map, where they got off the train. And then, true to her promise, she persuaded her mother to call up Mrs. Barber and Mrs. Cox.

After that the days flew. There was so much to think about—what clothes to take. Mother told Dunny she might carry her traveling bag with the tortoise shell toilet articles in the neat little pockets. Florence generously offered her uke. Greta, taken now, for the time, into the charmed circle of the Disgraces, fed them on glowing accounts of Happy Valley of which she had heard from

the wonderful Auntie May. In its heyday it had been the scene of lavish entertainments—hunting, festive gatherings at Christmas time—in all of which the wonderful Auntie May had been a moving figure. Greta overlooked no extravagance of hyperbole in the telling, so that the girls saw Auntie May, beautiful, bejeweled, moving to a dance tune through the stately halls of the old mansions of Happy Valley, saw her riding her spirited horse behind the hounds, saw her distributing gifts with magnificent largess from a tree bigger than any tree they'd ever seen. But, Greta explained, the people had wearied of the Valley and now rarely went there, preferring, like Auntie May, to spend their holidays at the fashionable places in Europe or Palm Beach or in the West. Auntie May herself never went back to stay any time, even though she lived as close as New York.

Greta even told them of tragedy in Auntie May's butterfly life. "That's why, I guess, she doesn't go back to Happy Valley very often now." Auntie May had been engaged to a man who had a house in the Valley, too. The romance

Illustrations
by
Ethel
Plummer



had grown, without doubt, while she danced and rode to the hounds and distributed Christmas cheer. And one night at a party they had quarreled and she had given back his ring and vowed she would never speak to him again. Greta had heard her mother talking about it.

Now the girls found it much easier to like Greta than to like artichokes! If at times they felt Greta was a little braggish, they put the thought sternly behind them. Anyone who knew such an Auntie May had cause to brag, anyway.

Miss Prentiss accepted Dunny's invitation with the alacrity Dunny had anticipated. "I'll enjoy taking care of you children. It will save me from a stupid Christmas among strangers." Dunny did not tell the others that Maxy had called them "children." Under the circumstances she could forgive even that.



Dunny

Up to the day of departure Dunny walked on air. To be able to say to her schoolmates, "I'm going on a house-party over Christmas—oh, no, not around here. In Connecticut—up in the hills—to an old estate that belongs to a friend of Greta's mother. She lives in New York." To hear Mother tell Floss that she must drive them to the station. To have Dad leave his office to come down to say goodbye to her the way he'd always done when Floss went away to school. And then to reach the station.

At the station there was one bad moment. Maxy did not appear until just before time for the train to pull out. Mrs. Barber was beginning to look as if she'd take Alice home, and Claire was running frantically here and there among the crowd of holiday travelers looking for Maxy when Maxy appeared, quite calm and very efficient looking, so that in the end Mrs. Barber smiled and kissed each one of them, even Greta, whose mother she didn't know. Dad put a huge box of candy into Dunny's hands "to make you all nice and sick," and Claire, in a very grown-up manner, rushed over and bought a magazine. When her mother hugged Dunny she whispered anxiously: "You're not disappointed about the pearls now, are you, dear?" and the graceless Dunny had the grace to blush.

Claire did not read her magazine. They did eat the candy. Even Maxy ate a great deal. The girls took turns sitting in the chair next to her. Dunny claimed first turn and profited by her claim for, after they had eaten lunch in the dining car, Miss Prentiss snuggled down in her chair and went to sleep and slept until the porter touched her on the shoulder and told her the next station was Stanton.

It was quite dark and snowing hard when they reached the little station. The telegraph operator stared at the girls for a moment, then hurried back to his warm shelter.

"Is there anyone here to meet a party going to Happy Valley?" asked Miss Prentiss loudly.

A lanky figure emerged reluctantly from a protecting corner of the station. He looked at her speculatively.

"I'm here to take some folks up to the Valley," he drawled. "This all that's comin'? Wal, my sleigh's thar behind the station. Pack in. Better sit tight—colder'n blitzen."

The girls exclaimed gleefully at sight of the big sleigh. They packed in as the driver had bade them, cuddled down into the blankets and straw. The driver unblanketed the horses, took his seat and they were off.

They started off at a quick clip. Up hill and down they went, through woodlands, now and then past farms, their buildings mere shadows from which twinkled cheery lamp-light. The girls laughed and sang and at least a dozen times Dunny demanded: "Now, isn't this fun?"

Of the driver they could see little but the red tip of a long nose, so muffled was he in ear-laps and woolen scarfs and horse-blankets. However, when Miss Prentiss talked to him he was cheerfully communicative. No, not many folks came up to the Valley, now. "T'want like the old days. Sometimes, round Christmas time, a few came back." He'd thought this year there'd be quite a few. He'd been told to meet another party, but didn't look now like they was a-comin'—If he'd known this was all that was a-comin' he wouldn't a brought the big sleigh. Hard pull, it was, over the hills—

Presently they turned into a lane bordered by tall pines, like giant black soldiers, beyond which shone lights. And at the end of the pines the driver pulled up his horses with a guttural "whoa-thar."

In the darkness the girls saw the bulk of a great stone house, the door of which slowly opened to the sound of their coming. An old man peered out at them. With his white hair and straggling white beard he might have been Santa himself, grown very old and discouraged at a world that did not appreciate him. He waited while the driver took down the bags and the girls climbed out of the sleigh. And even after they had run eagerly into the house he stood peering out into the snowy darkness.

"Is this all that's comin'?" he asked as the driver had asked at the station. And when Miss Prentiss, in her capacity as chaperon, answered that it was all, he shook his head strangely and shut the door behind them.

The girls found themselves in a wide bare hall, beamed across with heavy hand-hewn logs. At its end a great stairway wound up to a well of darkness. At one side a roaring fire leapt and crackled in a wide deep fireplace.

The girls ran to the fire to warm their hands. Behind them the old man regarded them silently, almost disapprovingly. After a little he said briefly: "There's supper in the dining room," then shuffled to the door he had indicated with a nod of his head and disappeared.

"My, he acts tickled to see us," exclaimed Claire.

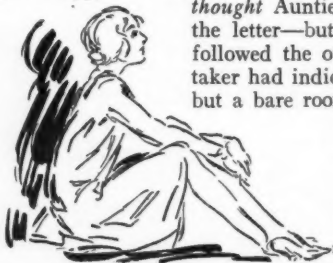
"Who cares? Supper sounds good to me. I'm famished." Dunny was removing her wraps and throwing them uncereemoniously over the carved wood box. "Let's eat and make it snappy and much. We can find our rooms afterwards if he won't show them to us."

Greta was looking about her a little uncertainly. "I thought Auntie May said she'd be here tonight, in the letter—but I left it home," she said and she followed the others through the door the old caretaker had indicated. Like the hall it was a spacious but a bare room. On a long oak table lighted with candles was spread a simple supper upon which the girls fell ravenously. The old man came into the room only once and then to bring a jug filled with hot cocoa.

Warmed and fed, the little party ventured into the living room across the hall. Here they found luxurious



Greta



Alice

furnishings in sharp contrast to the bare austerity of hall and dining room. Bookshelves lined the walls, heavy amber velvet curtains were drawn across the windows, deep-cushioned chairs waited on each side of the fireplace, a rug of brilliant colors was thrown across the fire bench. Candles burned in heavy brass candelabra on the long polished table. In cabinets built into the walls were crowded rare bits of ivory and porcelain and old pottery. But even with the gleam of the candle-light, of the fire in the deep-hearted fireplace, the color of fabric and glazed ceramic and tooled leather, it was a lonely room. In the corners crowded shadows so much like ghosts peering out at their intrusion that the girls hung close together.

"Let's go upstairs now," suggested Dunny, involuntarily lowering her voice.

Above stairs they found four big sleeping rooms, each with its high-posted bed, great chest and straight-backed chairs.

"Maxy, you have first choice," cried Dunny. Then the girls made a merry business of depositing their bags, unpacking their belongings and putting them away in the yawning drawers of the great chests, calling to one another from room to room and running back and forth and up and downstairs. They laughed a great deal and yet—

"Funny, it doesn't seem a bit like Christmas here, does it?" asked Alice quite suddenly and irrelevantly. "If you ask me I'll say this house is sort of spooky," and Claire shivered. And Maxy wondered how long the candle-light would last!

Dunny said nothing. She was realizing that something was lacking in their merriment. She realized, too, that Greta was strangely silent—for her. Maxy was looking as if she were going to suggest going to bed before the candles went out. And Alice was looking very sober and Claire's eyes were as round as if she *had* seen a spook! Plainly she must rally her friends!

"I think it would be fun if we found the house haunted," Dunny declared with a fine air of nonchalance. "And we didn't come here to have it Christmassy, like it is at home. I thought—" She flashed Alice a meaning glance. "I thought we came just to get *away* from that. The rest of you can go to bed if you want to, but I'm not. I have my glim, so I don't care if the candles do go out. I'm going downstairs again." And she moved majestically



Claire

to the outer hall and to the wide stairs.

Dunny knew it was a critical moment in her leadership. Either the others would follow her or they wouldn't. Why, they had brought marshmallows to toast and she had a brand new horror story to tell! Maxy was chicken-hearted. Let her go to bed if she was afraid of the dark—

"Wait for us, Dunny," called Claire and Alice at her heels.

Miss Prentiss leaned over the bannister.

"Good night, children. Don't sit up too late—and put that screen back in front of the fire. And don't get me up too early in the morning."

"I'm going to bed, too," called Greta from behind her.

In the living room the three girls squatted before the fire upon which Dunny boldly heaped more logs. The old caretaker came to the door, peered in at them and shuffled away. They heard a door close behind him, then another. The wind sighed down the chimney, a shutter in some far corner of the big house banged.

Dunny told her horror story and they toasted the marshmallows. The candles flickered out, but a search of the room revealed more in a table drawer and Dunny lighted them while Claire and Alice watched her from where they huddled near the fire.

"Isn't this fun?" Dunny asked repeatedly and they agreed, but each time with a little less heartiness, that it was fun.

"I wonder what they're doing at home now," Alice said after a long silence.

"Oh, the same old stuff. Mother and Dad are carrying down the packages and putting them around the tree and Tommy's peeking at them while they do it and they know it and they're pretending they don't. Of course I suppose they get a lot of fun out of it because they're so old and Tommy does, too—but give me this!"

"Toots is awfully cute about Christmas." And Alice smothered a sigh.

"Isn't it still?" queried Claire, looking over her shoulder. "I can't help feeling queer—sort of as if I didn't belong here and someone might come in any minute and shoo us out! Honest, Dunny, don't you think Greta's acting funny? I mean—she doesn't act a bit as if she were sort of our hostess. And she's stopped talking about the wonderful Auntie May who owns this place. I think it's a

(Continued on page 40)



Ethel Pl...

On a long oak table lighted with candles was spread a simple supper upon which the girls fell ravenously. "Isn't it fun?" Dunny said again

On Your Christmas List

Father, Mother, and the family come first—here are gifts you can make for all of them

By HELEN PERRY CURTIS

WHAT shall I give the family for Christmas?" Are you asking yourself that question about this time of year, and finding it rather hard to answer, too? Of course, if the allowance could reach to the lovely things in the shops that you are just longing to get for your parents and your brother and sister, everything would be very simple. But no girl ever has money enough around Christmas-time to carry out all her wishes. With Aunt Jane and Uncle Bill and five or six cousins to buy for, to say nothing of your closest friends, your purse is apt to collapse like a circus balloon that has been pricked by a pin.

But, of course, there is an answer to your problem—five answers, in fact. If you will study the pictures in the column to the left and read this article through, you will know how easy it is to have five inexpensive, attractive and useful gifts to present to your family on Christmas morning.

A Purse for your Mother

First of all comes your mother, of course. Somewhere about the house you may find a bit of ribbon, a scrap of silk left from a dress, or a gay piece of chintz. Out of it you may make either a tiny cardcase that will just fit her calling cards, or a bigger envelope for a purse, or a still bigger one that will hold her best stationery. After you have decided which you want to make, cut an envelope shape out of brown paper and work with it until you have it just the right shape and size. When it is spread open it will look like the diagram on page 36.

Next cut two pieces of material one-half inch larger than the brown paper pattern all around. One piece is for the lining, and may be made of a gay contrasting color. Then sew these two pieces of material together one-half inch from the edge, being sure that the right sides of the materials are together. Leave about two inches of the seam open so that you may turn it right side out. Finish sewing up the seam and press your envelope perfectly flat, then fold it together the way you did the brown paper envelope, sew up the two sides over and over, so that the stitches show as little as possible, and put a snap or a pretty button at the corner where the flap fastens down. And there is your cardcase, or purse, or writing-paper holder all finished. The one shown in the picture is seven inches by five inches when finished, and is just right to be carried on a shopping trip.

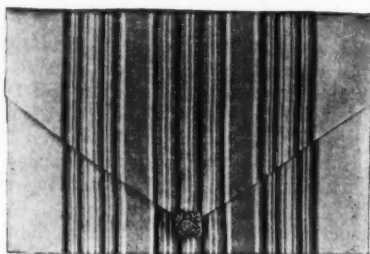
A Collar Case for Father

Father must have something he needs a lot and will really want to have around, and here it is—a case to hold his collars either in the bureau drawer when he is at home or in his suitcase when he is travelling. It can be made of one-quarter of a yard of blue or tan linen or from something from

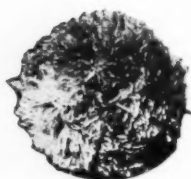
(Continued on page 33)



For your father



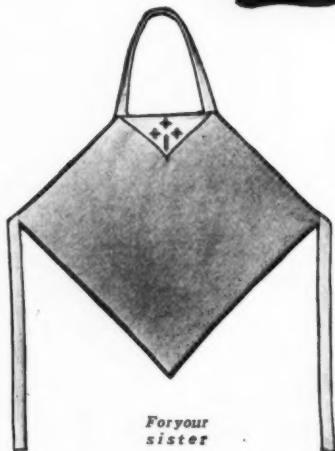
For your mother



For the baby



For your brother



For your sister





The three ships thundered forth a farewell song as they pointed toward the endless sea of mesquite which lost itself in the horizon

Curly Rides High

Into adventures and more adventures and an ever more baffling mystery—Curly and Isobel and that unknown and unfriendly follower

By THOMSON BURTIS

Illustrations by Fred C. Yohn

For what has happened so far in this story, see page thirty-five

CURLY could do nothing but gasp. Her mind was a chaos, and the words in the telegram seemed unreal as she tried to realize that she was actually reading them, and not in the grip of a bad dream.

But George hurried at once to the telephone. "Captain Kennard? George Saks. Boys in bed yet? Curly and I'll be right over to show you a letter!"

George sent his little car swiftly over the road while Curly's thoughts revolved on the mysterious message. Who could have any object in sending a letter like that? Why should anyone object to her being on the program of the Pulitzer Meet?

Suddenly, a thought occurred—*Michael O'Reilly!*

Twenty minutes later seven serious-faced flyers leaned back in their chairs, while Captain Kennard summed up the situation, "There doesn't seem to be a single gleam of light except one—Michael O'Reilly," he concluded. "And for the life of me I can't see anything reasonable about that. Grant the fact that O'Reilly is interested in aviation and so knows all about the Pulitzer Meet. Grant number two that a big man such as he would really nurse a grudge against a girl. Grant number three that he'd like to get even with you boys, so to speak, for the recent little incident—grant all that and, honestly, would he be sending such a letter, just to keep Curly, here, from having a good time?"

"Doesn't seem possible," agreed Tex MacDowell. "But who else is there who would possibly have any interest at all in keeping Curly from going?"

"Somebody's idea of a practical joke," suggested Jimmy

Jennings, who was perched on the magazine table which occupied the center of the recreation room.

"Practical joke your hat," retorted Slim. "Folks are queer, I tell you. And Michael O'Reilly's no exception, I'm thinking. He wrote

that letter. Sure as certain, he wrote it."

"Well," replied Captain Kennard, "what if he did? You and George, here, say you're going to look after Curly. So if Curly still wants to go—"

"I do!" said Curly.

"Then, I say, better put the whole thing down to a practical joke and drop it from your minds."

"Let's not worry," Curly now told them gaily. "The whole thing's so ridiculous."

"That's right, Curly," approved the Captain.

And a few moments later, they all filed out into the night.

"Just the same, I know I'm right," persisted Slim to Jimmy, as they walked away.

"That may be," replied his friend, "but don't you go worrying Curly, now. Keep it to yourself and keep your eyes open, I say. That's the best way to help her, if there is anything in it."

Next morning, in the bright sunshine, Curly and Isobel became fast friends. On the ranch, where Curly had lived with her father and mother before coming to stay with George and Mary there at the Port, she had known but two girls. Here, there had been a few more and Curly had had good times with them. But the things which held so much fascination for her—machinery to tinker with, the mysteries of bolts and screws and engines—had been of

little interest to them. Nor could they understand Curly's love of them.

Now a girl had come to her who loved them, too, a girl different in appearance from any of Curly's other friends. A girl with a soft voice, dark, flashing eyes and a quiet charm of manner. Yet a girl whose hands were swiftly skilful, who could talk to Curly in her own language—and to whom the girl of the Post responded as she had never responded to anyone before.

"What a pairfectly beautiful plane!" exclaimed the Spanish girl over Curly's little scout that morning. "No wondaire the General say you shall fly your own plane."

Curly laughed gaily. She had almost forgotten the mysterious letter of the night before. And there in the sunshine, beside the new friend whom she already loved, the days ahead seemed full of adventure.

And here was her little scout to complete her happiness. The little S. E. showed the result of the mechanics' loving care in every wire and strut. Shining in brand new paint, it was like a trim eagle of the upper air. The fuselage was painted a greenish blue and the wings were gold, as well as the control surfaces. On each side of the fuselage and on the upper and lower wings was the single star which was the emblem of Texas and which Curly, as a daughter of the Lone Star state, had adopted for her insignia.

"Oh, it is so lovelee," Isobel said. "It is so verree lovelee."

Impulsively Curly put her arm around the shoulders of the young *señorita*. "If I didn't have my ship, I wouldn't want to go to Dayton," she declared.

"In that case, let us hope nothing shall happen to it," said a new voice beside her.

It was Mr. Foulière, Isobel's uncle, come quietly up to join the two girls. "You have receive' a letter?" he went on. "I would say to you to have a great care, Miss Saks."

"What do you mean? Oh, do not say those things!" It was a passionate outburst from Isobel—so unexpected that Curly's eyes widened in wonder.

"But, *cara mio*, it is of Miss Saks that I think and—"

"You should not say those things!" repeated Isobel.

And Curly was thinking in amazement, "Poor Mr. Foulière, he is all upset."

She tried to calm Isobel's astonishing resentment, while Mr. Foulière, something pitiful in his face, apologized abjectly to his adored niece.

Then, as suddenly as the sun breaks through thunder clouds after a storm, Isobel was smiling and kissing her uncle impulsively. "Pardon," she said quickly, "but all this—it gets on my nerves."

"It certainly does," agreed Curly. "But tomorrow we start—think of that! I'm not worried—the whole thing was just a joke, I'm sure. You mustn't take it so seriously, Mr. Foulière. Please don't. And oh, Isobel, how happy I am that you are coming along, too."

Shortly after noon next day the three ships started on



The roar of a motor was rising above
The roar of an airplane motor—and it

their two hundred and fifty mile trip to Donovan Field. Slim and George led.

Curly, in her S. E. 5, flew a hundred feet back and a hundred feet to one side of Slim, and Isobel and her uncle were the same distance away, on the right hand side. The motors of the three ships thundered forth a farewell song to the waving flyers of McMullen as they pointed northward toward the endless sea of *mesquite* which lost itself in the horizon.

Slim led the loose formation to the railroad. There were possible landing fields along that thin strip of steel which split the desert. It was a route much longer than it would have been on an airline across the chapparal, but with two girls in the party Slim was exercising every precaution.

As Curly flew through the sunlit air her heart was bounding within her as she hugged the thought:

"I'm actually going!"

She glanced across at Isobel and her uncle. How well Isobel could fly! Mr. Foulière certainly must be an airplane enthusiast—as much of a one as George—to have taught his niece to fly, just as her own brother had taught her.

Then Curly began to speculate about those two—Mr. Foulière and Isobel—as she had not speculated before. Perhaps her mind had been too full before of the departure to wonder about them. But now a hundred questions crowded into her mind. Just why had the Frenchman taken the trouble to teach his niece to fly? It had been natural for Slim and George and the boys at the Post to teach her. But Isobel—it was strange. She could not understand it.



the sound of the music and the laughter.
was coming from behind Hangar Eleven

And why were they going to Dayton? They wished to see the meet, so Mr. Foulière had informed them all. But it was a long, expensive trip—and they did not have a great deal of money. Curly herself had gathered that from many little evidences, Isobel had only a few dresses and she had made them herself. Besides, Mr. Foulière had asked George to help him find inexpensive accommodations along the way. Why, then, undertake a long, expensive trip?

And why had Isobel been so upset about her uncle's friendly remarks? Nice Mr. Foulière—he deserved better than that, Curly thought. Perhaps Isobel was a little spoiled. Yet, when she came to think of it, she couldn't blame Isobel so much. Spanish girls were that way—and Isobel was adorable!

With which thought the perplexing questions vanished. Feet on the rudder, left hand on the stick, she sat in her ship. And it was with real surprise—so swiftly did the hours pass—that she saw the myriad spires of San Antonio gleaming before her. Four miles southwest of the golden, palm-studded city was the vast, two mile square expanse of Donovan Field. Three rows of dazzlingly white buildings rimmed its northern edge—one row of twenty-four hangars, then the officer's quarters and office buildings, the store-houses and barracks. It made the McMullen airdrome look like a handkerchief compared to a sheet.

They landed, and as they taxied up to Hangar Eleven, a growing group of flyers came running out to meet them. Curly hurried over to Isobel's plane and beckoned to her new friend.

"Come on, Isobel," she said. "I want to introduce you

to everybody. Isn't San Antonio a perfectly lovely place!"

As the two girls crossed over to the others, an automobile sped down the nearby road. Curly casually turning toward it and glancing at the occupants, stopped short in surprise.

"What is it, Curlee?" asked the Spanish girl.

"It's Mr. O'Reilly," replied Curly. "Now what do you suppose he is doing here?"

"Hurry up, Lucy dear!" called Mrs. Knapp, wife of the Adjutant of the field, who, inviting Curly to her home for the night, had hospitably included Isobel. "There's a dance at the club tonight, and you'll need a nap, both of you, before dinner."

"Oh, Curlee, how wondrous!" exclaimed Isobel, joyfully.

And Curly, in the excitement that followed Mrs. Knapp's announcement, with laughing officers fighting for the privilege of carrying their bags, forgot to mention to Slim and George the fact of Michael O'Reilly's strange presence.

CHAPTER VI

Out of the Darkness

The party at the club was a festive occasion. In honor of their guests, the women of the Post had transformed the dance hall into a bower of paper flowers and colored lights. The music was bright and light as the blossoms that nodded in the evening breezes. And the officers, who were well acquainted with the girl whom they insisted was the official air service mascot, promptly extended their grinning attentions to Isobel as well. They saw to it that partners were never lacking for their guests of honor. And as for the girls themselves—"My slippaires are danced down to nossing," Isobel declared.

At ten-thirty, just as Curly had finished a merry dance with her friend, Slim Evans, she spied Isobel, alone, on the porch of the club house. Excusing herself to Slim, Curly hurried out.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said, slipping her arm around Isobel's waist, and looking with her out into the dark night.

Behind them, the party went gaily on. Mr. Foulière, resplendent in full evening dress, was dancing with the portly wife of the Colonel. The Frenchman, sparkling from his eyes to his twinkling patent leather shoes, was enjoying himself with a boyish zest that had at once won for him the friendship of the field's officers and had led George Saks and Slim once more to congratulate themselves upon the addition to their Dayton party.

"I've never seen Curly take to a girl as she has to Isobel," commented George, above the blare of the music.

"She sure does like her," agreed Slim. "And a nice girl she is, too—a lady if there ever was one."

"Oh, it is so mar-ve-lous," laughed Isobel, happily, on the porch. "Nevaire have I had so much good times, Curlee."

"And we'll have just as good a one in Dayton," Curly told her. "Better, even. You know some of these men are coming along in a day or so. And there will be some more who, George says, are—"

Isobel held up her hand. "Hark, Curlee," she said softly. "Leesten—they fly at night, do they not?"

Curly listened. The roar of a motor was rising above the sound of the music and the laughter. The roar of a motor—and it was coming from behind Hangar Eleven.

Hangar Eleven! Without conscious thought, Curly found herself running down the walk and across the road. What was in her mind she herself scarcely knew, nor could she afterward explain just what intuitive premonition it was

(Continued on page 34)



Photographs by Dana Merrill

This Christmas table is set before a cheerful fireplace, and the row of candles on the mantel—they may be a bright Christmas red, or fragrant bayberry if you prefer—makes a charming background

Preparing Your First Christmas Dinner

By WINIFRED MOSES

HAVE you ever thought of preparing Christmas dinner for the family, with yourself as chief—and only—cook? It would be a lovely Christmas gift indeed for your mother. And you can do it. That is, you can if you are the cook which I know many Girl Scouts are—and if you keep your plans simple.

If you were to read Irving's story of Christmas as spent at Bracebridge Hall, or that of the Christmas Eve supper of 1793, described by James Fenimore Cooper in *The Pioneers*, you might consider the dinner I am about to serve you as very meagre indeed. But times have changed. We are no longer equal to the marvellous feats of digesting barons of beef, turkeys boiled and turkeys roasted, fricassées of squirrels, fish boiled and fried, venison steak,

bear's meat and mutton, accompanied as they were by every vegetable in the country and fol-

lowed by the cakes which served also as a decoration for each corner of the table, to say nothing of the whole pie made up of slices of all kinds—apple, mince, pumpkin, cranberry and custard—for each guest, which finished the meal! Yes, this was the usual menu in 1793 and required many servants and long hours for its preparation.

The Christmas menu I have planned for you is far simpler than that which appeared in those olden days and, as I have said, you can manage it all by yourself, if you plan well. The table, too, will look attractive and is not very difficult to get ready. This is the menu:

Celery	Grapefruit and Pineapple Cocktail	Olives	Homemade Pickles
	Roast Chicken or Turkey		
	with		
	Potato and Sausage Stuffing		
	Giblet Gravy		
Browned Potatoes		Baked Squash	
Fairy Toast	Lettuce Salad with French Dressing	Cranberry Jelly	
Plum Pudding		Hard Sauce	
Nuts, Raisins		Bon bons	

Certain parts of this menu—the plum pudding, the homemade pickles or relish and the cranberry jelly, should be prepared early in the month. Other parts, the fairy toast, the French dressing, the hard sauce made and the celery and lettuce cleaned, the day before Christmas. The giblets should be cooked then, too, and the stuffing made and the bird stuffed ready to go in the oven. Then on Christmas morning the table, with its center-piece of fruit and candles, can be set; the fruit cocktail prepared and put in the refrigerator; the vegetables made ready to cook, the bird put in the oven and the pudding put on to steam. While the cooking is going on, the last finishing touches—the placing of nuts, the water, the bread or rolls and butter, the jelly, the cocktail—may be put on the table (as you see in the photograph).

Grapefruit and Pineapple Cocktail

Allow one-half grapefruit, one-half slice pineapple and one maraschino cherry to each serving. Cut the grapefruit in half. Remove the seeds. With a very sharp knife separate the pulp from the membranes. With a pair of shears cut the center pith. Drain a can of sliced pineapple. Add one-half cup sugar to the juice and cook for five or ten minutes. Cool. Cut up the pineapple and add to the sirup. Put a tablespoon or two of this in the center of each serving of grapefruit and decorate with a cherry cut in halves. This course should be in place when the guests are seated.

Celery

Wash the celery very thoroughly. A stiff vegetable brush is excellent for this purpose. Remove the heavy, coarse outside stalks and reserve for soup or for creaming the next day. If the hearts are large, cut in halves. Allow one large heart or two small for each serving. These may be placed in a glass dish on the table before the beginning of the meal—not too soon, for they should be crisp and cold.

Roast Chicken with Potato and Sausage Stuffing

Cook enough potatoes to make two cups when mashed. Put one and one-half to two cups of stale bread crumbs in a large bowl. Add one-third cup butter, two onions sliced and one-third pound sausage meat. Add the hot potatoes and chop and stir until the onions are fine and the whole well mixed. The heat and moisture of the potatoes will melt the butter and soften the bread. Salt may be added if needed. The sausage takes the place of seasoning.

Since nowadays poultry usually comes from the market already drawn, I am not giving

you any directions for this part of the preparation.

Remove the giblets, that is, the gizzard, liver and heart and also any vestige of the intestines and membranes still left inside. Hold the bird over a flame until all the hairs and pin-feathers are burnt off. This is called singeing. Next, wash the bird inside and out either with a clean cloth wrung out of cold water, or rinse the bird in cold water and then wipe with a dry cloth. Strip the skin from the neck and, with a sharp knife or a pair of poultry shears, cut off the bony part close to the shoulders and put it aside with the giblets. Cut off part of the neck skin; leave a little to close the opening and cut out the oil bag in the tail. Weigh, in order to know how long to cook the next day. The bird is now ready to stuff.

First fill the opening in the neck. Fold over the skin of the neck to close the opening and then sew with a stout cord and darning needle. Next, fill the other opening, but not too full, because if it is packed too full, the stuffing, which swells, may burst the skin. Sew up this opening also. The bird is now ready to truss.

Twist the wings so that they lie flat on the back of the bird. Tie the legs together with a stout string, leaving long ends of string of equal length. Bring close to the body and tie to the pope's nose. Turn the bird on its breast, bring the two ends of the string up on the back to the wings. Tie the string together in a knot. Pass the two ends across the wings to the front and tie on the breast.

Put the bird on its back in a pan large enough to allow room for the potatoes which are to be roasted with the bird. Put into a hot oven. When the bird is brown on the breast, turn it over and brown the back. This will require from twenty minutes to one-half hour. Now sprinkle with salt. Mix one-half cup of hot water with one-fourth cup of butter and pour over the bird. Continue cooking, leaving the bird with the back up, allowing twenty-five minutes for each pound of chicken and basting every fifteen minutes with the liquid in the pan. The potatoes should go in the pan at least an hour before the bird is done. The amount of time required to cook the potatoes depends on the variety, the size and whether they have been par-boiled. The potatoes should be turned and basted every fifteen minutes. The bird should be turned breast up for the last fifteen minutes. If a covered roaster is used the bird will not need to be basted, but the cover should be removed during the last twenty minutes of the cooking.

When the bird is done it is removed to a hot platter and kept in a hot place while the gravy is finished. The platter should be large enough so that carving will not be difficult and the carving knife should be sharpened before using.

Giblet Gravy

Wash and clean gizzard, heart, liver and neck of the bird. Put these in a saucepan and add three cups of water. Bring slowly to the boiling point and simmer until tender. Remove the giblets and chop very fine. When the bird is done, remove with the potatoes from the pan. Pour out the liquid and skim off the fat. Measure out three tablespoons of this fat and return to the roasting pan. Add three to four level tablespoons flour, according to whether you want a thin or thick sauce. Stir the fat and flour together in the pan over the fire until it bubbles.

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Brown and crisp, savory with dressing, the fowl comes to the table. This fine plump chicken takes the place of a turkey

“What Is the

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

Illustrations by Ann Brockman



"I say, you know, it is ripping!" Elfrida said enthusiastically from the top of the ladder

MARY JANE SWIFT stamped the snow off her feet, kicked her rubbers into a corner, shied her hat at a hook—where, by the grace of Providence, it stayed—and bounded into the meeting hall of Pinecone Troop.

"What is the matter with Mary Jane?" chorused her patrol, who always greeted her thus, whether anything was the matter or not. Something generally was. Sometimes scrapes which nobody but Mary Jane could have got out of; sometimes, on the other hand, gorgeous plans which nobody but Mary Jane could have carried out. Cedarbird Patrol guessed the latter, this time. Mary Jane squatted, bright-eyed, in the patrol corner.

"I have," she said, "ways of making this an international patrol—that is, if a thing can be international with just two nations. Like the World Camp on a small scale, you know."

"She's perfectly well, and she hasn't a pain," murmured Helen Harkness.

"What is the matter with Mary Jane?" finished Ruth Leland inevitably.

"Oh, do cut out that everlasting thing for once," said Mary Jane, "and listen to me. I'm beginning to wish Mr. Milne and his poem were at the bottom of the sea. I have an international individual, I tell you—and it's waiting outside."

"A what?" asked Cappy, who was wondering about tying double jurymast knots in a bit of cord while she thought what to do with the meeting. "If it's alive, you'd better bring it in at once; the snow's beginning again."

"It's a Guide," said Mary Jane impressively. "A real live English Girl Guide. I met her yesterday, walking along; she saw my pin and grinned and saluted and showed me hers. Her family's just moved here, and she'd like to come into the troop, I dare say. Only I thought I'd better ask you first, Cappy."

"While she freezes outside?" the captain demanded. "What is the matter with you, Mary Jane? Get her immediately."

"Not exactly outside," Mary Jane apologized, putting her head out into the corridor and shouting, "Come on in, Elfrida!"

She came—and Cappy at once mentally shortened her rather unhandy Saxon name to "Elf." She looked like one, small and slight and quick, with green-blue eyes, and twists of pale gold hair over her ears. "Like a picture in a book by Walter de la Mare," thought Cappy.

But what interested the troop more than her elfin appearance was the fact that she wore the Girl Guide uniform, very trim and dark blue, and a broad-brimmed felt hat with an astonishing chin strap. Pinecone Troop began crowding about in greeting and curiosity, but Elfrida only grinned at them. She marched straight up to Cappy, clicked her heels together, saluted, palm out, and said:

"How do you do, Madam," thrusting out her left hand.

Cappy, who was saluting with her own right hand, very cleverly got rid of the cord in her left and completed the handshake.

"That's the way they do it over there," Mary Jane whispered to her patrol. "Let's all try it on Cappy some time."

"Not I," said Anna Burke, "like some kind of a tin soldier."

"Tisn't like a tin soldier," Mary Jane contended. "There's something nice about it. Nice—and suitable. We'd feel silly doing it, probably; but if you lived in a

Matter with Mary Jane?"

Not her brain certainly, for she had a perfectly gorgeous idea that had to do with—you'll never guess it, and the Cedarbird Patrol didn't either—an International Elf

country where there were kings and queens, I dare say everything like that would come easier."

"Maybe, Madam," said Helen Harkness.

While they were arguing and giggling, they missed whatever Elfrida and Cappy had to say to each other, and now Elfrida was coming toward the Cedarbird's corner with that shy, engaging grin that made her look so much less like an elf and more like a nice, eager human being.

"Captain says I'm to come into your patrol," she announced. "I say, but you've a jolly big company!"

"It's the largest troop in town," Ruth Leland told her, with a slight emphasis on the "troop."

"You really do call it 'troop' in the States, don't you," Elfrida commented. "How odd!"

"No odder than for you to call it 'company,'" Anna Burke put in.

So the international patrol began its career with each nation being intensely interested and amused by the oddity of the other. The Cedarbirds examined the two white stripes on Elfrida's pocket that meant she had been a patrol leader in her own company, and her white lanyard, and her chin-strap, and her shoulder-tab with "4th Brickleston" on it, and the trefoil pin she called her "brooch," polished till it winked in the light. Mary Jane felt like hiding her own less brilliant pin; but Elfrida's eyes were as eager for the details of her new friends' insignia as they were for hers.

"I do like your blue uniform," Mary Jane sighed.

"But I'm keen on yours as well, you know," Elfrida replied. "It must be so much more useful than ours when you're going about in the woods, tracking, and all that. You do go camping, don't you? I've heard you're so good at it in the States."

"We have the loveliest camp in the world," Helen said, loyally and with fond memories. "Oh, it's great! If you're here next summer you must go. Woods—and a peach of a lake for swimming, and the dearest shacks for the counselors, built of rough logs. We kids sleep in tents, of course."

"It sounds so jolly," Elfrida smiled. "But you're never afraid of—Indians?"

The Cedarbirds hooted. "You don't mean that, do you?" they all shouted. Elfrida looked a little bewildered.

"Of course, not in the towns," she

murmured. "But out there in the forests—aren't you?"

"Good gracious!" Ruth Leland blurted out, "I supposed only Britishers in books and funny-papers had such ideas!"

"The poor Indians!" Anna Burke said. "What's left of 'em is kept thousands of miles away on government reservations. Most of them go to college, anyway, and ride around in big cars on account of the oil-wells they've discovered on their land."

Elfrida looked shattered. "Oh dear," she said. "Really? That's safer, isn't it, but not nearly so jolly romantic."

Just then Cappy summoned the patrol to begin work on the Christmas entertainment that had been planned, and the conversation in the corner was broken up.

Of course, the troop talked about Elfrida as they went home in groups after the meeting.

"Isn't she just too English for anything?" Helen said.

"She's probably thinking we're just too American for anything," Mary Jane observed.

"Well, why shouldn't we be?"

"Well, why shouldn't *she* be?"

"No, but about the Indians! Really!"

"Well," Mary Jane said, "Kip asked her if the King wore his crown when he went out driving; that's quite as silly."

"Kip's just a kid," Ruth Leland protested.

"I like Elfrida," Mary Jane said.

"Oh—so do we, but she's terribly English, all the same," said the Cedarbirds.

"She's probably hating us, too," Helen went on. "Dad



"Ripping!" answered Helen. "Now I ask you. Ripping means ripping to me. Ridiculous!" But Mary Jane only grinned

says the English and the French all do—because of the debt. You know, all that business there's been in the papers? But I don't see why we shouldn't hate them just as much, for not paying it."

Mary Jane then got angry, which she could do most successfully and awe-inspiringly.

"Helen Harkness, you haven't any right to talk like that," she said in a dangerously low voice. "And your Dad hasn't, and the papers haven't! My greatgrandfather was English, and yours was too—and I love England, love it!"

"Then you can't be a very patriotic American," Helen argued. Mary Jane stamped her foot in the snow.

"Of all the silly talk!" she cried. "I suppose you'd say that because I love my mother, then I couldn't possibly love my grandmother too. You make me weary. Awfully weary. And as if Girl Scouting wasn't for everybody! England gave us Girl Scouting! When you promise to be a sister to every other Girl Scout, you mean Girl Guide too—and whatever it is the French call theirs, and the Swiss, and the Dutch—and *everybody*!"

"You sure are international!" Helen agreed at last.

"Well," said Mary Jane, blocking the path, "will you take back what you said about Elfrida probably hating us? She's trying as hard as she can to like us a lot, 'odd' though we are."

"Oh, all right then," muttered Helen with rather poor grace.

The next troop meeting gave them all less chance than they had expected to exchange notes on Girl Scouting and Guiding. For Cappy was not there. She was down with double-back-action flu, according to her scrawled pencil message. The lieutenant, who was very young and very new and rather afraid of the troop, stood staring helplessly at the note.

"And what about the Christmas stunt?" groaned Pinecone Troop. For the last meeting had barely sketched the plans. Without Cappy's advice and encouragement they felt distinctly shaky. The best the lieutenant could do was to say, "Well, you'd better go ahead, girls." So Pinecone Troop tried to go ahead. They practised a carol half-heartedly and rather out of tune, and little Kip—who was to be Jack Frost—got up in the middle of the floor and said, "But what shall I do? How shall I do it?"

As a rehearsal, the meeting was certainly a hideous failure. And the days before the date of the performance were shortening. A few faint hearts suggested that the whole idea be abandoned. Most of the troop insisted that they try to do *something*, and in that vague and troublous condition the meeting broke up.

"And did you notice your precious Elfrida?" Helen Harkness asked Mary Jane. "I thought the English were supposed to be full of all kinds of spur-of-the-moment theatricals and things. She just stood around like a bump on a log and looked disapproving."

"She didn't look disapproving," Mary Jane contradicted. "She simply didn't want to butt in. Would you? It would be what she'd call 'swank' to shove her oar in and suggest anything. It isn't even her own troop yet."

"If she had any ideas she'd have let 'em out fast enough. It shows she hasn't."

"It shows you haven't any sense!" Mary Jane remarked mildly.

"What is the matter with Mary Jane?" her friends began,

"The doctor has been, and it isn't her brain, But she goes sticking up for Elfrida again;

What is—'" But a well directed volley of snow-balls from the victim scattered the chorus abruptly.

Mary Jane was making beds the next morning when the doorbell rang determinedly. She peeped down from the window at the top of an unfamiliar hat; on opening the door below she found the face under the hat to be Elfrida's.

"It's such a topping morning," said Elfrida, "I thought perhaps you'd be as keen as I am on taking a walk. Would you?"

Mary Jane glanced out into the snow-bright world and copied Elfrida's grin.

"I'd love it! Wait a sec till I finish my bed and get my things on. Come up, if you'd like."

"Cheerio," said Elfrida.

When the two had struck out for the edge of town, their footsteps creaking on the packed snow, Mary Jane suddenly said:

"I hope you don't mind being laughed at. Do you?"

"Not at all. Why?"

"I just wanted to tip you off."

"Tip me off?" murmured Elfrida, looking about her to see if there was anything from which Mary Jane might tip her.

"Put you wise," Mary Jane explained. "Warn you, you know. The troop will laugh if you say 'topping' and 'cheerio' and so forth."

"But what should I say? Mayn't I laugh at 'put you wise?' 'Topping' isn't funny—but 'tip you off' is, ever so. I expect I must say everything is 'cute.'"

"Gracious, no!" Mary Jane protested. "I rather hate 'cute.' Please don't! Don't say anything different, but just don't mind if they think it's funny, I love it."

"I think I like your comp—troop," said Elfrida. "They're a priceless lot. But what a pity that Captain's ill. Whatever'll they do about their play?"

"Nobody knows," Mary Jane said gloomily. "You heard what went on last time. You see, the trouble is, Cappy was writing a play for us—but it's all off now. If we were awfully clever we could each make up our own part and go ahead. But it would probably be a flop. We've simply got to change entirely and do something different. Just sing carols and Girl Scout songs and have a Christmas tree, I guess."

"Why couldn't we—" Elfrida began, and Mary Jane's heart warmed to the "we." They climbed a rail fence and sat upon it, dangling their stout boots above the tops of last year's blackened goldenrod that thrust dry stalks out of the snow. Above, a chickadee turned himself upside down on a twig to twinkle his beady eye at the girls and hail them with his ingratiating, "Ch' gee-gee-gee." The two sat there till the top rail became strangely hard and cold and uncomfortable, but their talk was not yet done.

"But you mustn't say I've anything to do with it," Elfrida cautioned. "It would be frightfully cheeky for me to plan things for your company; they'd hate it, I expect. Besides, you've had more ideas than I have, already."

"But you had the first gorgeous one," Mary Jane replied. "Come on, Elf, let's race across the meadow."

Racing in foot-deep snow is arduous work. The two

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"Two—four—six—eight—
Whom do we appreciate?"

No one but a younger sister can realize how tragic it is to plan a new spring hat, and then find out that you must wear your sister's old one



“I Am a Girl Who—

Is a younger sister—and if you think an older sister has a hard time, just listen to my side of the story and you'll change your mind”

I AM a younger sister in a family of two girls—that is, just my sister and myself. So there isn't even

Illustration by Mildred Ann Owen

the chance of a little brother to keep me from being the baby of the family. I do wish I had a younger sister, for I would like to show how one should be treated!

Just because a girl is unfortunate enough to be born the second in the family and not the first is no reason why she should always be treated as a six- or seven-year-old, especially when she is fourteen and in high school. I entered high school last year and by my friends and teachers I am considered old enough to have opinions of my own, but with my family—especially my older sister—I must still be little sister who is “very cute” and tries to be so grown-up.

The thing that puzzles me about an older sister is that, although when she was fourteen she was allowed to go to the movies alone, that fact seems to be no proof to her that I at fourteen should be able to do the same. And probably when I am seventeen—the age she is now—and want to go to dances—as she is going—I will still be just a child and she will tell me there is plenty of time for such things. For no matter how capable a younger sister may be at ten years of age, she is supposed to do only the things her older sister did at eight. That is the way it seems to me, anyway. You never can catch up with your age.

I have never had to do much wearing of my sister's cast-off clothes, but the reason has had nothing to do with the family but with the way I was built. I am very much smaller in stature than my older sister and by the time I grow into her things, they have been lying in the trunk for years. I haven't entirely escaped, though. I have had to take some of her hats. No one who hasn't been a second daughter in a family can really realize how tragic it is to plan on a new spring hat and then find that your sister's, which is perfectly good but too childish for her, must be made use of. And the new hat is *hers* that year.

But there are other things which I find difficult. I remember when I was about ten years old, my mother,

my sister and I were riding past a statue in New York. I looked up and saw the name under the figure—Psyche—and I read it out loud. At that time I didn't know that “p's” were silent in certain words, so I called it, “P-sick-ee.” My sister was almost convulsed with laughter and my mother was, too. When I asked them what was the matter, they smiled over my head—I'm sure all younger sisters know that smile—and said, “Oh nothing.” I did not know whether the statue was wrong or what error I had made. It was not until months later that I mispronounced the name again, but this time to friends who did tell me my mistake and made me very much embarrassed. In a situation like that my sister could have helped so nicely. But no, it made her feel so much more grown up to smile over my errors in pronunciation. Only younger sisters can know the feeling one can have when one has made some mistake and there is a suppressed laugh or smile, and then—“Go on dear.” I do go on but through the telling of the rest of my story I worry about what I have said wrong and what I may say. No wonder older sisters seem brighter or more clever! Their mistakes are corrected and the poor younger sister goes on making them until an outsider notices it and thinks, “My, that younger Smith girl is nothing as clever as her sister!”

Of course, there are some very nice things about older sisters—such as, they do help you with your home work and often you are allowed to stay up later when company is there just because your sister does. And I will say I adore my older sister and think she is the *nicest* one I know only—only—I *wish* she would stop to think more often of my side of the case.

Last week, for instance, this happened. Mother had gone in to town for the day and of course she left my sister in

(Continued on page 37)



When Girl Scouts

*There are all the old festivities so dear
and parties—and new celebrations, too,*

CHRISTMAS again! And such a whirl of preparation! Tissue paper and ribbon are strewn on our desks and tables, and scissors snip and needles fly as all sorts of gifts are given the finishing touches.

But mysterious and gay little packages in top bureau drawers and bits of lace and linen hidden in workbags, and carefully thought out Christmas lists are not the only evidences that the holiday season is here once more. There are plans, too, for parties and entertainments, especially among Girl Scouts, and ways and means are contrived to spread Christmas cheer and carry the Christmas spirit to others.

Of course, this Scribe's Corner must be Christmassy, too. So, with Gladima's help, we are going to let Girl Scouts everywhere tell the interesting things their troops have done in other Christmas seasons.

"Perhaps," says Gladima, "these stories will give other troops ideas that they can carry out and write us about for next year's Christmas number." You see, Gladima always looks ahead.

A Useful Gifts Contest

In Waterbury

Telephone calendars, shoe trees, guest towels, laundry bags, hot dish holders,



The wreath on the door of the Girl Scout Little House in Washington gives a Christmas greeting to all who pass by. Mrs. Bowman, the hostess, is helping these girls hang it

Here are the five girls—with the useful and beautiful Christmas gifts they made themselves—who won first places in the Girl Scout gift contest at Waterbury, Connecticut

children's dresses, coat hangers, salt and pepper shakers, nightgowns, recipe books and scores of other gifts poured into Girl Scout Headquarters at Waterbury, Connecticut, just before Christmas. They were all entries in the "Useful Gift Contest" for the most practical and the most perfectly made Christmas gifts—all the work of Girl Scouts.

"Gifts for wee folk,
Gifts for all,
Gifts for everyone,
Large or small."

"One would have thought the Pied Piper of Hamelin had come to town," writes Agnes Schier, the local director, "seeing the throng of girls bringing their gifts to the contest. Perhaps some mistook the crowd for Santa Claus' elves as they scurried in, each with a package containing an article made by herself!"

"What an array there was! The judges from the Waterbury Women's Club and the Waterbury Institute of Crafts and Industries certainly felt like the 'old woman in the shoe' when they looked at the display and tried to decide which gift was best. 'How can we ever choose?' one woman asked. 'All the work is so beautiful!'"

After deliberation a child's dress received first place, because it was beautifully made, very useful and cost only eight cents! It happens, too, that the Girl Scout who made it is handicapped by paralysis which has made her right hand almost useless.

Second place was awarded to a girl of twelve who had made a laundry-bag. A lampshade won third place; a hand-made pongee handkerchief, fourth; wastebaskets and a tray, fifth; and a pair of shoe trees, with an original verse, sixth.

"The purpose of this

contest was to teach the girls that many useful Christmas gifts could easily be made at home with very little cost or effort, and to give them suggestions as to the kind of gifts to make," goes on Miss Schier. "The entire affair was a huge success. All the gifts—none of which cost more than one dollar—were neat in their workmanship and carefully selected."

In Scranton, Pennsylvania

They had a rally—with carols

Of course, Christmas parties always mean carol singing. There's something about the old Christmas carols that expresses the Yuletide spirit as nothing else can. They sang them in Scranton, Pennsylvania, at their big Christmas Rally last year, after the Girl Scouts had given a play, *A Pot of Red Geraniums*, by Oleda Schrottky, director of plays and pageants on the National Girl Scout staff. And by the way, any troop may give this play—get it from our National Equipment Department.

"The play was really lovely," writes Florence Yost, the local director. "We had a living-room stage scene with a fireplace, table, chairs and reading-lamp. The girls all took their parts well, and were easy and natural."

"Following the play we sang Christmas carols, and while these were being sung, we brought onto the stage back of the curtains, a magnificent Christmas tree trimmed with lights and tinsel and hung with packages wrapped in red tissue paper. These were the awards for the various troops and the name of the troop for which it was intended was written on a gold star attached to every package. Troop representatives came to the platform and found the packages belonging to their own troops. Each of these girls put a pot of red geraniums under the tree before she took off the



Hang the Mistletoe

to us — carols and Christmas trees that belong especially to Girl Scouting

package, until there was a complete circle of the plants around the tree. Then, the next morning the Girl Scouts took the geraniums out to the old ladies at the Home for the Friendless."

A Real Old-Fashioned Yuletide

Comes each year to Minneapolis

Minneapolis Girl Scouts, several years ago, started the custom of singing old English carols throughout the city on Christmas Eve. It's a lovely custom, and we hope that before long there will be Christmas singing in even more places than now and that the strains of *Good King Wenceslas* and *Here We Come A-Wassailing* will gladden many a heart on the night before Christmas.

Here is an account of one of Minneapolis' Christmas Eves, written by Miss Carol Preston, of Girl Scout National Headquarters. It makes us wish that we had been there!

"God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay—"

"A group of Girl Scouts some in tight-bodied green dresses, of medieval cut, and others in long-hose and smocks of blue and yellow, strolled through the dusky corridors of the Minneapolis Maternity Hospital, singing the old English carols. The leader carried a lantern hanging from a long pole, so that those singing from the big flat carol book might see. The rest carried lighted candles, except, of course, the fiddler, in scarlet long-hose and soft green cape and cowl.

"The procession moved on to a settlement house decorated in green and white, and sat on the steps in the dark, singing. Here they were treated like real wassailers and a box of candy was handed all around."

The carollers then stopped at the house of a friend of the Minneapolis Girl Scouts and, in the glow of candle-

light and of an open fire were regaled with cakes and hot cocoa. "How very real all this made Christmas seem," goes on Miss Preston, "and how simple it all was! The costumes were of cambric, and old wool stockings were worn and simple smocks of good color. Short bloomers for some, a few tam o' shanters, or a velvet hat with a plume—and twentieth century American girls were back in medieval England! The lantern was a puffed rice box covered with black paper, with holes cut out on each side and orange tissue paper pasted in for glass. An ordinary lantern, bought for ten cents at the five and ten cent store, gave the light. The carol-book was simply cardboard, with paper leaves fastened in it. It was copied from a very old carol-book."

Another Christmas these same Girl Scouts sang carols at a mission Christmas entertainment. During the singing, the curtain was pulled back and a tableau of the story of each carol was shown. For the costumes of the shepherds and the kings of the Orient and King Wenceslas and his page, such simple things as bathrobes were used. Wool scarfs made fine turbans, and long staves and sandals finished off the whole.

Jasonville Children Had a Party

Given by the Girl Scouts

The children of Jasonville, Indiana—those who would not otherwise have had a merry Christmas—are still remembering the party that Red Rose Troop Number One gave them last year at the Methodist Church on Christmas Eve. Even the very tiny children were there—of course it would never have done to have had a party without them, so some of the girls called for them and saw that they were taken home afterward. Louise Williams, of Red Rose Troop, writes:



"The basement of the church was beautifully decorated in Christmas colors. After the children had gathered and played games and heard stories, a delicious supper was served. Then came the real surprise of the evening! In walked old Santa bearing a bag of toys, for we realized that Christmas couldn't be joyful without toys for the children. The Christmas tree in all its splendor was unveiled and Santa Claus distributed candy and nuts and toys from his pack. We also had gifts of warm clothing. The children were then sent home thoroughly happy. We all enjoyed it as much as they."

Girl Scouts Do For Others

In many ways at Christmas

There are scores of ways that Girl Scouts can celebrate and have celebrated Christmas which mean doing nice things for other people. In Winchester, Massachusetts (Continued on page 47)



This is the roguish Knave of Hearts whose stolen tarts caused so much merriment and consternation at the Christmas party of the Philadelphia Girl Scouts

The old carols ringing out through the frosty air are as much a part of Christmas as Santa Claus himself—these jolly carollers are Girl Scouts of Buffalo, New York







Babushka

(A Russian Legend)

By EDITH M. THOMAS

Babushka sits before the fire
Upon a winter's night;
The driving winds heap up the snow,
Her hut is snug and tight;
The howling winds—they only make
Babushka's more bright!

She hears a knocking at the door:
So late—who can it be?
She hastes to lift the wooden latch,
No thought of fear has she;
The wind-blown candle in her hand
Shines out on strangers three.

Their beards are white with age, and snow
That in the darkness flies;
Their floating locks are long and white,
But kindly are their eyes
That sparkle underneath their brows,
Like stars in frosty skies.

"Babushka, we have come from far,
We tarry but to say,
A little Prince is born this night,
Who all the world shall sway.
Come join the search; come, go with us,
Who go our gifts to pay."

Babushka shivers at the door;
"I would I might behold
The little Prince who shall be King
But ah! the night is cold,
The wind so fierce, the snow so deep,
And I, good sirs, am old."

The strangers three, no word they speak,
But fade in snowy space!
Babushka sits before her fire,
And dreams, with wistful face:
"I would that I had questioned them,
So I the way might trace!

"When morning comes with blessed light,
I'll early be awake;
My staff in hand I'll go—perchance,
Those strangers I'll o'ertake;
And, for the Child some little toys
I'll carry, for His sake."

The morning came, and, staff in hand,
She wandered in the snow,
She asked the way of all she met,
But none the way could show.
"It must be farther yet," she sighed;
"Then farther will I go."

And still, 'tis said, on Christmas Eve,
When high the drifts are piled,
With staff, with basket on her arm,
Babushka seeks the Child:
At every door her face is seen—
Her wistful face and mild!

Her gifts at every door she leaves;
She bends, and murmurs low,
Above each little face half-hid
By pillows white as snow:
"And is He here?" Then, softly sighs,
"Nay, farther must I go!"

From "Children of Christmas," Published by The Four
Seas Company

What is Your Game?

Whether it is tennis or archery or basketball or hockey, here are suggestions for improving it—the girl who is our national amateur golf champion tells us what she has learned of the secret of good playing

By GLENNA COLLETT

WHAT is a good player like in your favorite game?

Glenna Collett, the famous golf player, says this question is most important to you, no matter what your favorite game is. For it is only by understanding in what good playing consists that you will be able to see the goal toward which you, as an athlete, must work.

"Watch the good players," says Glenna Collett in her book, *Golf for Young Players*, which, by the way, contains many useful suggestions not only for golf but for all kinds of games.

And she describes what happened to her when, in her days as a golf beginner, she watched players better than herself. "The style of that great player, Alexa Stirling, has left many marked impressions on me, and I owe much to having seen her play when I was just coming to understand golf a little.

"One season Alexa Stirling (now Mrs. Fraser), Elaine Rosenthal (now Mrs. Reinhardt of Dallas), Bobby Jones, and Perry Adair all came to the Wanamoissett Club in Providence. Naturally I was greatly curious to see these famous players, and I awaited their arrival impatiently. For the first time I found myself taking an unusual interest in my own game. Well, the four finally arrived, and I realized they were all only a few years older than I. Accordingly, my interest or curiosity to see them play increased twofold. Except the players, I was the busiest person on the links that day. I followed eagerly on the footsteps of the girls and had a close-up of every shot played. I gazed in wonder at every kind of shot both girls made.

"After that match, I was eager to get at my own game. The performances of both Alexa and Elaine had not only given me a great thrill but had inspired me. I could hardly wait to get out on the links with my clubs to see if I could imitate their shots.

"What happened in that next game of golf I played on the following day was even more thrilling for me than the match itself. With the picture of both the great women golfers in my mind, I played better than ever before."



"Maybe I commune with myself like this as I address the ball: Slow back; follow through; hit both hands," says Glenna Collett—what are the orders that you give yourself when you play your favorite game?



every combat and encounter in every athletic game. There is no reason why every young athlete should not do as the older and better players do—provided she can!"

And Glenna Collett suggests something else, too. "Make a list of the 'cardinal virtues' of your game," she says. Write down, in detail, the ways of holding the ball or the racquet or stick or club which make for good playing. Write down the other points toward which you wish to work, then see in which your playing is excellent, in which poor.

This is how Glenna Collett made out her list of the
(Continued on page 32)

This, then, is important for every girl who wishes to become a good athlete—to have in your mind a picture of *what good playing in your particular game really means*. Watch the best players in that favorite game of yours. See what they do and how they do it.

"It was Alex Smith who first insisted on my visualizing strokes and reproducing the same from the picture I had in my mind," says Glenna Collett. "It is rather wonderful to think of everything as in the mind first. Take Brooklyn Bridge—any boy or girl can easily consider it. It spans the East River and is one of the main arteries of trade between New York and its twin city. It is a distinctive piece of work, stupendous in structure, marvelous in design, and bold in conception. But before this bridge in its entirety so majestically connected those great boroughs it existed in the mind of the architect, a mere picture, yet complete in every detail. I can give no better example to back up my opinion of the necessity of visualization. The kind of game you will play exists in your mind's eye first.

"So I developed right along that inestimable quality of seeing the picture of good playing, but one that is no more possible for me than it is for any other person who is young. I acquired the ability to duplicate the actions of my elders, to carry out another's doings, to imitate, and to mimic. Borrowed feathers and acquired ideas are the booty that the young always take from

Looking After Molly

(Continued from page 9)

gentle jerking and a subdued rattling, the train stopped altogether. There was a hissing of released air-brakes and louder, it seemed, than the conversation in the smoking compartment, the silence of the snow-clad countryside crept in. A trainman hurried past the curtained doorway and, after a minute, Curt pried himself from his corner and sought the vestibule.

There was nothing to be seen from there—nothing save the heads of several persons walking past toward the locomotive. Curt sensed adventure and went through the next car behind, a crowded day-coach, and was out in the flake-filled air. The world was still, muffled under its coverlid. Along the side of the train footmarks pointed forward, and Curt followed them. The snowflakes clung to his lashes and crept under his collar with a distinctly pleasant tickling sensation and he felt that it was good to be out of that hot, smoke-filled compartment. His spirits went up with a leap. Already there was a goodly throng discernible ahead and his curiosity increased until presently he broke into a trot. He passed the locomotive, steaming softly, went on another hundred yards and found the mystery solved.

Looking oddly, pathetically helpless, a big freight engine lay on its side, its idle wheels presented to the view of the throng. Somehow it reminded Curt of Terry, his dog. Terry "played dead" by laying on his side, pink tongue exposed, short legs hanging limp. Only, when you snapped your fingers, Terry was up in an instant, jumping, wheeling, barking frantically, and Curt just couldn't imagine that ashamed-looking locomotive responding to snapped fingers in any such manner! No one, it seemed, had been hurt, for engineer and fireman had jumped in time. Only engine and tender had lost their dignity; a long line of freight cars remained stolidly erect on the siding, looking, Curt imagined, not a little disgusted at their frolicsome companions. Already a wrecking train was trundling up on the southbound rails, and on its heels, invisible but audible, came the New York Express. Curt listened and learned. It would be a good two hours before the track was cleared, the conductor said, and Curt suddenly realized that he was very hungry. The throng increased. Voices exclaimed excitedly, speculated animatedly. The wrecking gang descended and the crowd retreated. Curt lingered, but presently became conscious of an uncomfortable dampness and a growing appetite. He thought of the possibility of buying chocolate from the train-boy and started back.

Ahead of him there presently emerged from the gray void a strange apparition, a T-shaped thing that moved slowly away before his advance, swaying like something dancing through the snowflakes. Puzzled, he quickened his pace and the apparition resolved into nothing stranger than a girl balancing herself with outstretched arms as she strove to

(Continued on page 30)



On the Trail of the Christmas Tree

PEGGY couldn't have looked any more determined if she had been hunting horse-thieves with bloodhounds. She was on the trail of the Christmas Tree.

Where it was, exactly, only Grandfather knew. But all he would tell was that it grew in the lower pasture near the north end, somewhere beyond the place where they had found the bees last spring.

Polly, too, was looking for the tree. She had been Peg's tent-mate at summer camp and had come to spend Christmas with her. Polly was a splendid woodsman—much better than Peggy—and she wanted to beat Peggy to the tree.

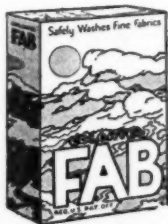
Suddenly a sharp crack rang through the crisp air . . . and another . . . and another! The sound of a sharp axe searching out the heart of a tree! Peg stopped in her tracks, and her heart sank. Then

she ran to the top of the slope. There, just below her through the trees, was Polly . . . chopping with a beautiful rhythmic swing at the Christmas Tree!

Half an hour later, when the tree was safe in the kitchen shed, Polly and Peggy looked at each other in triumph. Suddenly both burst out laughing. "Look at you! You're a sticky mess!" "You, too! Oh, just look at your clothes. How shall we ever get them clean? Why I can't even get the pitch off my fingers."

"Don't worry about that," Peg said. "Stains on my clothes never worry me. Just wait till I get my hands soaked clean and I'll get out my washing directions that Janet Read sent me."

Janet Read of Colgate will be glad to send you, too, directions for washing anything washable . . . and a generous sample box of Fab. Just fill in the coupon.



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Please send me washing directions for stockings, dresses, sweaters, gloves, blankets, etc., and a sample box of Fab.

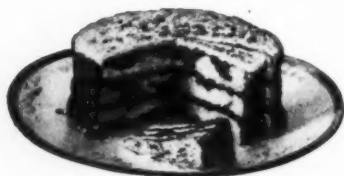
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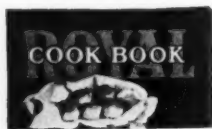


Girl Scouts

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Looking After Molly

(Continued from page 29)

walk a rail! "Just what a silly girl would do," Curt told himself with mingled amusement and contempt.

He had to acknowledge, though, that she made an attractive picture doing it, and he surmised that this was not her first attempt at the stunt, for she maintained equilibrium very cleverly on the slippery steel. Coming close, Curt had an impression of a small blue hat, an ashy-blue woolen suit and an orange-and-gray scarf. Then, in spite of the noiselessness of his approach, the girl must have sensed a presence behind her for her gaze lifted momentarily from the narrow path and calamity threatened. It was pure impulse that sent Curt's wet hand darting out to hers. Her own caught it for a second, clung desperately while she regained her balance and then was gone. Nothing was said and the flakes fell thickly.

Curt, annoyed by the incident, would have pushed by, but the girl's progress kept her alongside and, short of breaking into a jog, which would look most undignified, he must, it seemed, bear her company the rest of the way to the train. No, for he could walk slower. He did, but just as the space between them was widening the girl stepped from the rail and turned toward him.

"I guess I lost," she said. "It's no fair being helped, is it?"

"No, I suppose not," said Curt. She had blue eyes under snow-flecked lashes, glowing cheeks and a friendly smile. Rather a jolly, sensible-looking kid, he thought. "Great weather, isn't it?" he asked. "Have you seen the wreck?"

She nodded. "That poor engine! Doesn't it look perfectly silly?"

Curt grinned. "Sure does," he agreed. "Looks just like my pup, Terry."

He told her about Terry, and then they were at the forward end of the first day-coach. But as she didn't show any inclination to stop there he went on with her. They were still talking companionably and about—oh, just one thing and another. Finally the girl stopped at the steps of a car, swung herself aboard. They were still talking. Curt thought she talked mighty well. At least, about things that a fellow understood. And she hadn't giggled once! He found himself a moment later leaning against the end of the car, inside the vestibule, still talking.

"I never think of going into a parlor-car unless I'm on a long journey," the girl was saying. "It's so much more fun in a day-coach. Folks in parlor cars are awfully stuffy, aren't they? You know, they look so bored and everything. It's different in a day-coach. You can make friends if you want to. Folks are more—more natural. And there's always a baby to watch. I think babies are the cutest things, don't you? Or do you dislike them? Lots of boys do, I know."

"Why, I guess—well, some of 'em are cute, all right."

"Aren't they? Just little ones are the best. There's one back there now. He's a perfect darling." Curt glanced in through the open door, failed to discern

the darling and received instead a general impression of over-crowded passengers amidst a welter of bags and packages and outer apparel. The girl appeared to be nearly his own age, which was seventeen. Well, perhaps she was a year younger. She was smallish, with a round face and dark hair—the latter in spite of very blue eyes. She didn't seem at all like a girl as Curt thought of girls, more like another boy. Only more—more understanding, more sympathetic—as when he spoke of that delayed luncheon and she cried quickly, "Why, I've got simply loads of lunch! Isn't that the luckiest thing?"

He thought it was, although he didn't say so. What he did say was that he was all right and didn't mind waiting until they got to the next station and that, anyway, he guessed she'd find she didn't have any too much. Oh, he was very polite and extremely hard to persuade. But, too, he was so hungry that it hurt, and the girl could be stubborn as well as he, and in the end he found himself sharing a red velvet seat in the crowded day-coach and a most delectable and satisfying repast that included cold chicken, jelly sandwiches and layer cake.

Had anyone told Curt a few hours ago that he would be really enjoying the society of a girl he would have laughed in deep derision, although just now the thought didn't occur to him. They seemed to find a great many things to talk about. He was pleased to discover that they shared many views, held many likes and dislikes in common. His curiosity grew as the time wore on, but he was too polite to ask direct questions. If she wanted to tell her name, all right, but since this was merely a travelling acquaintance she was privileged not to. He gathered that she was returning from some school for the Christmas holidays and that her home was, like his, in Stratford. The latter fact presently established, a brand-new flow of conversation became possible. However, they failed to discover more than a very few mutual acquaintances, which was explained by the fact that Curt lived on the West Side and his companion two miles distant somewhere in the new Country Club district.

However, she acknowledged a speaking acquaintance with Bim Wilson, and before he realized to what lengths of confidence he was going Curt was telling all about Bim's cousin, Mollie Something—Bennett, he thought—and what Bim had asked of him and how he had refused and all that was at stake. Even afterwards he didn't regret that he had told all that, because from the first she had displayed flattering, even surprising, interest. Indeed, she fairly hung on his words, and Curt noted that his unenthusiastic description of Mollie Bennett was especially well received. Her curiosity as to why Curt had been so averse to obliging Bim was hard to appease. Explaining was difficult. He finally fell back on the assertion that girls were hard to talk to. Whereupon she said: "Oh!" in a puzzled fashion, and then; "But you've been talking to me!"

"Mush!" called Lissa—and the puppy team was off through drifting snow—

Curt showed faint embarrassment. "Well, you're—different," he declared. "You—you're easy to talk to."

She seemed to find that explanation, at least, satisfactory. And then she simply had to have a peek at Mollie Bennett, she asserted positively, and they went forward through two crowded cars and tiptoed along the narrow passage past the smoking compartment and there was the object of interest sitting, languid yet palpably self-conscious, reading a magazine and eating chocolates. Back in the vestibule, Curt's companion appeared oddly overcome by emotion, for her slim shoulders trembled and a series of sounds which, from another girl, might have been giggles, astounded his ears. Somewhat at a loss, he followed her back to the ruins of the banquet. Arrived there, the emotion had passed, and they tidied up and bore the fragments outside. Then they went up along the track again to view progress, arriving at the scene of the wreck rather out of breath to discover the helpless locomotive back on its feet—or, rather, wheels. It wasn't very long after that when, with much shouting of "Bo-o-oard," progress toward Stratford began once more.

Curt didn't get back to the parlor car again until the edge of the city was reached. Then he went hurriedly in search of his bag and overcoat, pledged to return and assist the girl to the cab stand. But Fate ruled otherwise. Getting back through the cars was slow work, for the passengers were now blocking the aisles, and before Curt had crossed two platforms the train had stopped in the shed. He fought his way to the nearest door, descended and charged headlong through a barrage of travelers, porters and luggage. But he missed her somehow. Even a hurried flight to the cab-stand failed to discover her. After waiting several minutes longer he took a taxi and went his way, oddly dejected.

It wasn't until the front door had closed behind him and he was kissing his mother and shaking hands joyfully with Dad that his spirits returned. There were evergreens twined about the newel-post and big holly wreaths in the window, and he reflected happily that he was at home and that Christmas was here!

The snow ceased during the night, but the city was white and jolly the next day. Curt lay abed late, ate an enormous breakfast and luxuriated in soft living. In the afternoon he went downtown by himself, shopping for presents for Mother and Dad. The streets were thronged, the stores crowded, but it all seemed part of the proper scheme of things. One expected to be jostled and pushed and trod

on at Christmas time! But when, toward the end, after the lights were on, a mighty hand smote him between the shoulders, almost dislodging his precious bundles, he decided that the Christmas spirit could be carried too far! But it was only Bim Wilson, Bim likewise burdened and extremely jovial and friendly. They backed out of the maelstrom of sidewalk traffic and grinned at each other.

"Say, did you hear about us?" Bim demanded. "Didn't get here until nearly five o'clock yesterday! Gee, what going! And we burned out something and had to lay up for repairs at Warren for 'most two hours!"

"Well," replied Curt proudly, "there was a wreck—"

"Yeah, I know. Mollie called me up this morning. Say, Curt, you didn't believe that stuff I got off the other day, did you? I was just kind of peeved. Honest, I didn't mean it, old scout. I wouldn't have done anything like that even if you hadn't looked after the kid. Wouldn't have done any good, anyway—you're solid with the rest of the Stoics. You'll be hearing in about a couple of weeks now."

"Well," began Curt falteringly. Gee, it made him feel cheap, he reflected. Talk about coals of fire! How he wished now that

he had done as Bim had asked him to! "Well, that's mighty fine, Bim and I certainly—"

But Bim was off again. "Say, you played in luck, at that, didn't you?" he demanded laughingly. "Guess that lunch made up for the rest, eh?"

"Lunch?" echoed Curt feebly. He looked puzzled.

"Sure. Mollie told me. Guess you made a sort of hit, you old fox. She said she missed you when the train got in and wanted me to thank you for looking after her like you did. That's the way it is, though. It's the cave-man stuff that gets 'em. Well, got to toddle on. Merry Chris—"

"Wait!" Curt was trying desperately to understand. "Was that—did she tell you she gave me lunch? Your cousin, I mean."

"Sure! Why not?"

"But—but the other one looked so much like you—"

"Huh? What other one? What are you talking about?"

"Nothing," Curt gulped. "I—it's all right. Just at first I—didn't understand—"

"Oh! Well, have a good time, son. Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas, Bim! And, oh. I say! Wait a sec. Where did you say your cousin lived?"



Experienced

"I hear you're going to be on the crew. Have you ever rowed before?"

"Oh, yes. Once I rode a horse."

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What Is Your Game?

(Continued from page 28)

seven cardinal virtues of golf. It will help you in making out your list for your game.

"Virtue I: Have a firm foundation.

"Virtue II: Keep the head still.

"Virtue III: 'Slow back' with the club before you hit the ball—that is, let your maximum speed come at the end of the stroke.

"Virtue IV: Keep your left arm straight.

"Virtue V: Time your shots.

"Virtue VI: Follow through or as some golfers say, 'throw the club head at the ball.' (This virtue applies to tennis as well as to golf, as you will perhaps remember from Helen Wills' articles.)

"Virtue VII: The grip. Remember that the club is taken in the left hand, not quite at the end of the leather; the right hand is placed below and as close to the left as possible, letting the right little finger ride on the left forefinger." (This is the grip which Bobby Jones uses and which Miss Collett has adopted. It is called the "overlapping grip".)

Under each virtue in her book, Glenna Collett goes into great detail as to how that virtue is to be attained. And you will readily see from the list above how carefully she has gone into her own game. You can do the same for yours, if you will. And having made out your list of virtues, you will know how to direct your efforts.

Overcoming your faults is closely related to knowing in what good playing consists. Glenna Collett has some suggestions for you here, too. "It always seems to me," she says, "that if I know what causes an error I can then find out how best to get rid of it. Maybe I commune with myself like this as I address the ball: Slow back; follow through; hit both hands. Half the time we are committing faults because we do not give that brain of ours the correct orders. We cannot be unconscious and play well.

"There is nothing like a real match for bringing out all your faults, but that is a splendid thing for a player, for an error in an important place makes more impression than the same mistake under ordinary circumstances. You may go from week to week and from season to season without ever coming to a contest with your equal or your superior, but you will lose the greatest joy and the keen-

est pleasure of the game by so doing. You will also miss the best means of making improvement and showing advancement. Find out by tournament or match play all your faults and fix them before they have a chance to become so established that they will fix you.

"To know how an error is made is to know how to cure it. To know how to command is only the reverse of know-

ing how to obey. The cure for the fault must come on the scene of its birth. Here is the prized moment, and the girl who can see what is the wrong thing which she is doing, who can concentrate enough to right her error, is on the way to real improvement of her game."

One of the first rules for any game where a ball is used is to learn to keep your eye on the ball. "I was just as good as any beginner at the game for losing golf balls," says Glenna Collett, "and I had to learn by actual experience what it meant to watch the ball."

Perhaps, in thinking of yourself as an athlete, you have envied your brother. Glenna Collett finds no cause for discouragement in the fact that she is a young woman athlete. For girls, she thinks, can be just as splendid athletes in the games suitable for them as the boys can be in

theirs. "And when it comes to the use of intelligence," she says, "a girl always has the very same advantage as her brother."

Which is certainly encouraging to every one of us who is interested in sports, no matter what kind of sports they are.

Last month did you try Glenna Collett's suggestions on practice work for your favorite game? This month, then, make out your list of your game's "cardinal virtues"; watch the best players in your town; keep your eye on the ball! And next month, and the month after that we shall give you games to play which will help you improve in your pet sport. Glenna Collett's suggestions in this article are taken from her own book, "Golf for Young Players" which is published by Little, Brown and Company.



THE STARS

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

THE STARS are lighted candles

Upon a Christmas tree

(The branches that they hang upon

We cannot ever see).

ON CHRISTMAS EVE the angels stand

About it after tea,

And if an angel's very good

He gets a present, as he should.

Used by courtesy of
Houghton Mifflin Company

Ask for "The American Girl" for Christmas—and give it, too

On Your Christmas List

(Continued from page 14)

the piece bag or the attic trunk.

First of all, make two cardboard circles six inches in diameter. Perhaps a bread and butter plate would be just the right size to draw the circles. Cut two circles of cloth about one inch larger than the cardboard all the way around. Then, with strong linen thread and a big needle, cover the two boards with the cloth by criss-crossing the threads back and forth from one side to the other, and fastening them very securely when finished. Next cut a straight piece of material about twenty-one inches long and nine inches wide. Sew the ends together neatly so that there will be no rough edges showing. This begins to look like a bag. Turn down a hem one and a half inches deep at the top of the bag so that there will be a heading at the top one inch deep and a tubing one-half inch deep for a draw string when finished. On the side of the bag, either draw your father's initials or stamp them on from a pattern you can buy. If your bag is of tan linen, embroider it in brown. If it is old blue, make the initials a darker blue. And be sure that you have the cord or tape at the top of the bag the color that matches the monogram. When the embroidery is done, put your bag together. Take one of your circles and carefully pin the bottom edge of the bag all around it, being sure that you come out even. Both the bag and the cardboard should be wrong side out while you sew the bottom edge of the bag to the circle, very closely, over and over. Then put on your second circle so it will cover all the raw edges and sew it on to form the inside of the bottom of the bag. Turn your bag right side out, stuff it with tissue paper so that it will look as if it were already full of collars and draw up your cord and there is your gift.

A Fudge Apron for Your Sister

The nicest present in the world for a girl to make for her older sister is this jolly fudge apron. It is so easy to do, and so dainty to look at when it's done that nobody could help liking it. Take a piece of material exactly twenty-four inches square, turn down one corner of it, measuring eight inches along each side, and folding it at those two points. Buy a card of bias binding tape about half an inch wide, called number five. Crease this tape down the middle, so that it will be double. Slip the edge of your material between the sides of the tape, and sew it all around the square, using a rather coarse embroidery cotton in a running stitch about an eighth of an inch long. First of all bind the turned down point. Then bind all the rest of the apron, making very neat square corners. To make the flowers, cut six pieces of the bias tape, each an inch and a half long. Turn down the corners so that both ends will be pointed, and sew on two pieces at right angles to make each flower. The stem is two inches long, and

(Continued on page 36)

"Lest we forget"

"It has been in this house fifty years. You can't find another piece like it. This, ladies and gentlemen, is genuine! What am I offered for it? These old treasures are going for a song. Give me a bid."

—While the auctioneer rattles on, some of the neighbors think of the old days of entertainment and open hospitality in that house. They wonder how long the proud and lonely mistress has been fighting off the inevitable. Inside, she hears the auctioneer's words—"genuine", "fifty years in this house", "old treasures"—every word a thrust to her heart.



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BABIES and old people are life's widest contrast and life's closest comparison. The younger they are and the older they are the more they need our love and care. For the helpless baby it is a sunny world. There is always someone ready to wait on him, to take care of him. Whether he laughs or whether he cries, the world smiles on him and tries to anticipate his every need.

But it is a gray, cheerless world for the tired, brave old soul who fails to get the care and waiting on and the affection she hungers for. And charity, when clumsily bestowed, stings almost as much as neglect.

A big business man said recently: "I think the saddest sights in the world are the old people whose relatives regard them as burdens—especially when they realize the situation. I think it is

fine to build churches and take care of babies and the growing boys and girls, but every dollar I can afford to give away goes to the old people. Sometimes I pay their rent and keep homes together, and sometimes I provide little comforts when their homes are broken up."

While charity takes care of the friendless and helpless, and science is finding out how to prevent physical aches and pains, it remains for "society"—and that means all of us added together—to prevent old age from suffering one of its greatest sorrows—penniless dependence.

The United States and Canada pay bigger wages than other countries. Nearly all their workers earn enough to provide for old age. If they plan ahead, they may have in their years of retirement, not merely bare existence, but real comfort.

Almost every man and woman must face these five great hazards of life:

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Accident—always sudden and often causing lessened earning power.

Sickness—which may cause want as well as suffering.

Unemployment—which may bring distress to others in addition to the unemployed.

Dependent Old Age—which must seek charity if self-support is no longer possible. "Society", through organized effort, with its millions of mutual life insurance policies, has done what no individual could do alone. It has found a way to meet four of the five hazards.

Annuities for old age, protection in case of death, accident or sickness—almost every financial requirement can now be met by insurance. Only one problem is still unsolved—Employment Insurance—and that will follow. The day must come when every family will plan to meet the great hazards of life so that no member of it will face the need of charity.

Thousands of Metropolitan policyholders have asked how much of the family income should be expended for immediate necessities; how much for clothing; how much for food; how much for fuel; how much should be laid aside for protection. Our booklet, "Let Budget Help," answers these questions. A copy will be mailed free on request.

HALEY FISKE, President.



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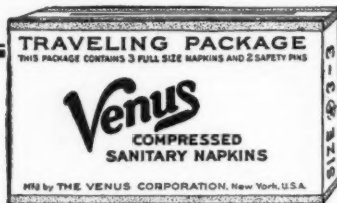
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Venus Traveling Package of three compressed sanitary napkins and two safety pins



Curly Rides High

(Continued from page 17)

that took her so swiftly in the direction of her little scout.

The motor had barked into life but briefly, speedily dying to a whisper which was scarcely audible to the running girl. Behind her, calling to her, was Isobel. But Curly paid no heed.

As she crossed the road the shadow of a ship was visible to her, and it seemed that something died within her, that she was without physical feeling. For that was her ship standing on the line, its exhaust pipes spitting flame as the blurred figure of the pilot hunched forward, reading the instruments. Close by stood a guard, watching interestedly. It must be some officer of the field—no, it could not be. It was a stranger, masquerading as an officer, who was going to take her ship! The guard suspected nothing but an exhibition flight for the benefit of the guests at the dance, perhaps—

"Stop him! Stop him!" called Curly as she sped around the hangar, but the guard looked at her stupidly and made no move to do as she asked.

A thousand things flashed through her mind as she ran for the ship. The pilot was in no hurry, for there was no plane on the field which could overtake him. Probably he planned to fly straight across the border into Mexico, where he could laugh at pursuit. He was warming the motor methodically. It seemed to her that the face of Mr. O'Reilly danced before her eyes as she came within ten feet of the ship.

"I'll smash the elevators so he can't fly!" was what she was thinking, but at that moment the pilot glanced around and edged the throttle forward. He had looked over his right shoulder and so did not see Curly, who was approaching from the left. But he had seen Isobel, a flying white figure in the darkness.

Curly was unconscious of fear. Her whole being seemed concentrated in her mind. Her S. E. which had been worked over so long and lovingly by her friends, was getting under way. With a sob in her throat, without any idea of what she was going to do now, she hurled herself on the back of the fuselage, and her groping fingers closed around the edge of the cockpit.

Now the ship was speeding across the ground, nose held low, as Curly lay flat along its back, her feet beating a frantic tattoo. The propeller blast swept back like a tornado. And high above the roar of the motor came Isobel's piercing scream.

They were about to leave the ground! Suddenly Curly came to herself. Her eyes were streaming from the force of the wind. What had she done? She could not hang on—she could not hang on!

Her left hand reached forward and pounded against the pilot's back. His head jerked as though pulled by a string, he looked back to see Curly clinging there. He might have been gazing at a ghost, so astounded was he—and so swiftly did his eyes dart beyond her, back to the hangars and the club. Dimly Curly realized that by this time people

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Have you ever wanted to be a teacher? Or don't you know what you want to do?

were streaming from the hall, that orders were being shouted and that a pursuit was being organized. They were a hundred feet high—and the pilot would not turn back now.

It was some nightmare, Curly thought, which could not be real. Yet it was more real than anything had ever been before. And every moment pulsed with the thought, "I mustn't let go. I must hang on."

Now the pilot turned in his seat and a long arm shot out. A grip like a vise closed around her and she felt herself pulled forward, a deep voice booming in her ear:

"Crawl intuh the cockpit, miss! Careful now—you can do it while I hold yuh. Come on, now!"

She could not move. The airblast was like a physical substance, striving to whisk her from that perilous perch. The ground seemed thousands of feet below. Her hair was whipped into her eyes, and she could breathe only with greatest difficulty.

"Get in I tell yuh," commanded the pilot. "Get in, miss, get in!"

She could not think. The black night seemed to close on her. Below was the menacing *mesquite*, above, a starlit heaven that was suddenly sinister, and the roar of the motor was a jeering voice. It was all that she could hear....

"Quiet now, miss," said a stern voice. "You're safe."

The voice seemed to clear her mind at last, and as she noted the more subdued sound of the motor, she felt the bumps of the plane's trundling over the ground. They were landing!

They had landed. This pilot had brought them down, all the while holding her safely. Shadowy outlines loomed ahead in the darkness. Where was she? How many miles had they flown? She might be down in Mexico—no, that was impossible.

Where, then? That bulk ahead was an open shed. Unhesitatingly, the pilot now taxied her ship into it. One thing, above all, stood out in Curly's mind in that moment. This strange man had saved her life.

Now the ship was coming to rest, its propeller dying slowly.

"Git down, miss," the pilot said gently, his grip shifting to a fingerhold on her arm as she slid from the fuselage. Curly strained her eyes in the dark shadows of the shed. What did he look like, this man who had so strangely helped her? She could see only that he was tall and slim and straight in his loose-fitting khaki suit.

"Who—who are you?" quavered Curly.

"That," returned the pilot, "is neither here nor yet there. I just work around, that's all. And I aimed to take yore ship—"

At these words, Curly forgot her relief in being safely upon the ground once more.

"Why did you do that?" Her voice rose high in her indignation at the idea of his stealing her beloved S. E.

"So's you—well, I'd better not say.

But don't worry. I won't try again. Know where yuh are? Just about five miles from Donovan Field at Stinson. Now, listen. Soon's the air's clear, yuh can fly back to Donovan. And I'll be saying good-night, if yuh don't mind. Doggoned if I'd take the ship of a girl like yuh. And I'll tell the boss so, too."

Before Curly could reply, before she could speak the question that came surging into her mind, he had vanished. High above her, Curly could hear the engines of the searching planes.

The boss—who was the boss?

What has happened so far in this story

Curly Saks, whose brother, George, is an observer at the airdrome of the McMullen Flight of the Army Air Service Border patrol in Texas, can fly almost as well as the men. Indeed, she regards herself as a member of the patrol, and keeps a sharp lookout for smugglers as she cruises above the border. One day she has been flying low over the *mesquite* in the ship that the men of the patrol have rebuilt for her out of an old wreck her brother bought, when she sees a large

car crash into a smaller car on the road below her and go right on without stopping. This ruthlessness angers Curly and she chases the big car and forces its occupant to turn back. The man, a big Irishman, warns her that he will not forget her interference, and Curly knows that she has made an enemy who has the reputation of being dangerous when his wishes are thwarted.

On the way back to the airdrome, she meets an airplane carrying two passengers and racing from Mexico over the United States line. Thinking it may be carrying smuggled goods, Curly lands near it when engine trouble forces it down. She discovers that one of the "airmen" is Isobel DeCarara, a Spanish girl about her own age who is traveling with her uncle, a Frenchman called Armand Foulrière. Curly takes an immediate liking to Isobel and invites her and her uncle, who are on the way to Dayton for the Pulitzer Meet, to have dinner in McMullen.

It is at this eventful dinner that the announcement is made by Captain Kennard that Curly has been invited to give an exhibition of her flying at the meet in Dayton. She is so thrilled over the news that she doesn't notice the peculiar look that passes between Isobel and her uncle. She learns, too, on that same night, that the man whom she stopped on the road is Michael O'Reilly, a rich oil operator with a great deal of power in Texas.

The next day a mysterious letter comes to George—it is a warning that he must not let his sister start for Dayton to do exhibition flying. "Heed this if you value her safety," it ends, and it is signed, "A Friend."

What mysterious person is working to discourage Curly's exhibition—and why? There are bewildering clues in the next chapters that lead to exciting adventures. Read about them next month and see if you can discover anything!



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On Your Christmas List

(Continued from page 33)
is folded the same way. Sew these flowers on very closely, with fine thread. Make the centers of French knots—get your mother to show you how. Be sure to get the flowers on your little tab perfectly straight. You can do this by measuring carefully before you begin and by putting a pencil dot where the tip of each flower should come. Then pin or baste the tapes on and sew them down. You can make this little apron of almost any cotton or linen materials in plain or checked or finely figured stuff. The apron shown is of pink cotton crepe, bound with Alice blue tape, and sewed with thread of a little darker blue. The strings and band for the neck are each twenty-seven inches long, and may be made of the tape doubled and sewed along the edges with the running stitch, or of three-inch wide pieces of material like the apron, sewed double.

A Marble Bag for Your Small Brother

Of course, your brother will turn up his nose at almost anything a girl can make, but here is something he will like. It is a marble bag made of a piece of heavy tan linen that won't get dirty and will just fit into his pocket. When finished it is only four and one-half inches wide and six inches long. To make it, first of all cut a strip of material fourteen inches long and five inches wide. Fold this double and mark a basting thread where the bottom of the bag will be. With the end of a spool, draw three circles on bright colored bits of cloth. Cut them out and baste them on the bag where you think they will make a nice design.

In the bag shown in the picture, the three circles are orange, blue and green and look like bright colored marbles. With a piece of blue embroidery thread, buttonhole stitch around each little circle to hold it in place. Then sew the sides of the bag together on the wrong side, turn it and buttonhole stitch the seams with blue on the right side to make them very strong so the marbles can't possibly burst the bag. Turn down

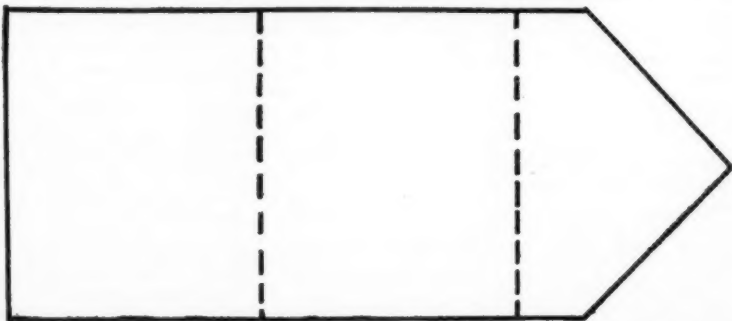
about one inch at the top of the bag and hem it with the blue embroidery thread so that it will be very strong. Through this tubing run two pieces of blue cord, knotting them together at both ends so they can be used to pull up the bag and tie in a bow at the top. If you are very rich, fill the bag with gay marbles from the ten cent store and there is a present that any brother in the world will like.



A Wool Ball for the Baby

And last, but not least, comes the baby. Look through your mother's knitting bag for all the gay colored scraps of wool you can find—the more, the better, because if the baby is very fat the ball should be fat, too. Find a book that is about six inches wide and not very thick, and on this wind the wool round and round and round. Keep the part you are winding quite narrow, not more than two or three inches wide, but wind it as tightly as possible. If you have enough wool to make it one inch thick, so much the better. When it is all wound, tie a piece of strong linen thread very tightly around the middle of the wool on each side of the book. Then slip your wool circle carefully off the book and get someone to help you hold it while you tie tightly together the two places that have already been tied separately. The linen thread or cord that you use must be very strong and very tightly tied so that the baby can't pull the ball to pieces. After it is tied together in the middle, with a sharp shears cut apart the loops at both ends, fluff up the ball until the wool stands out in every direction like a porcupine and then trim it off evenly, so that it will look round and smooth. You will have the softest, fluffiest, bright colored ball that you can imagine and of course the baby will just adore it.

And now the problem is solved and the whole family taken care of. All that remains is to put the gifts away where no one can find them, and present them on Christmas morning tied up in fancy paper and bright ribbon.



Here is the purse for your mother before it is sewed together. It is in one piece and the lining is sewed to it. The dotted lines indicate where it is to be folded

What has Isobel to do with the mysterious happenings—

"I Am a Girl Who—"

(Continued from page 23)

entire charge of the house. She could order the meals, cook them and generally be in charge of things. Now I do admit that in writing poetry and playing the piano my sister is better than I am, but I know I can cook and keep house as well as she. She decided to have cornstarch pudding for dessert and, as I know how to make it, I begged her to let me do it.

"No," she said, "I don't want this spoiled."

She had everything out ready to begin to make it when the door-bell rang and it was her best friend. She went out on the porch and they settled down for a nice long talk. I knew it would be an extended conversation and that I would have plenty of time to make the pudding. So I went to work. I followed the recipe exactly and took a lot of pains with it.

Of course, when she came in she was superior and predicted that the pudding wouldn't be a success. Well, when Mother came home to dinner, I was so excited waiting for her verdict on the dessert that I could hardly eat my meat and potatoes. When I finally brought in the pudding, Mother served it. When we started eating, I said, "How do you like the pudding?"

"It's delicious," she said. "Creamier than I've ever tasted."

"There!" I almost shouted, "I made it!"

I guess Mother was surprised but I couldn't help it.

And these are some of the problems of my being a younger sister. I wish those of you who are younger sisters, too, would write in and tell what you are doing about it.

Yes, won't you write in, younger sisters? Tell how things look to you as the younger and how you are trying to solve your difficulties. Write a letter to the office of THE AMERICAN GIRL at 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City. We wish to hear from younger sisters just as we heard from older sisters last month—because one of the finest things which can happen to sisters is that they come to understand each other all the time.



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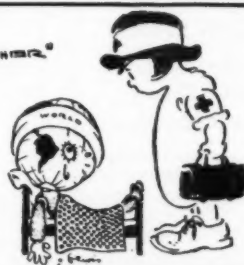
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Shopping for Books before Christmas

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

The Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature

THE one fault I have to find with books for young people at this time of year is that they are so many that just to introduce even those that are now in my study—which at the moment overflows with the lovely volumes published in time for Children's Book Week—would make this column look like the catalogue of a bookstore. Come to think of it, why wouldn't it be a good way to keep you in touch with the new books this month—to talk to you as if we were in a great bookstore (you could not be in a more interesting place just now) and tell you, as we went down the long lines of counters, just enough about a lot of books to let you know which are the ones you or someone you know would like to read? Then next month and after, when the rush of Christmas publication has subsided, I promise to come to some of these and tell you about them more at length.

To begin with, those of you who look for new material for story-telling have a remarkably wide choice this year. For instance, wasn't it a bright idea to gather the best of the fairy stories about princesses and put them into one big book with colored pictures, as Kathleen Adams and Frances Atchinson have done in *A Book of Princess Stories* (Dodd)? Every girl picks out the princesses to read over again, and here they all are, the sleeping one and the one who could not sleep on the pea, and others not so well-known. The pictures are by Lois Lenski, who has written a book of her own this year, *Skipper Village* (Stokes) and illustrated it herself with jolly pictures in color, large scenes full of many little figures, like looking into an Easter egg; the story is about a village full of real children.

And look at *Jolly Good Times*, by Mary P. Wells (Little, Brown); it is fifty years old and has just had a new dress. A good book for children never grows older than the children in it, and this one tells how they gathered butternuts and went sugaring fifty years ago—and do yet, in the part of New England where I spend my summers.

Tales Worth Telling, by Charles J. Finger (Century), is the most unusual

and brilliantly written of the collections, I think. The tales come from strange corners of the earth, the Far East and the jungle. Another exciting book is *Wonder Tales from Pirate Isles*, retold by Frances Jenkins Olcott (Longmans), arranged so as to make a series of piratical story-hours, with stories from the Spice Islands and the China Sea. Arthur Bowie Chrisman, whose *Shen of the Sea* (Dutton) won the Newberry Prize last year as the best book for children, has another amusing one like it, also about Chinese children, called *The Wind That Wouldn't Blow* (Dutton). From India comes a new set of *Jataka Tales* retold by Margaret Aspinwall (Putnam) from famous folklore stories. For very little ones to whom all stories are new there is a big *Treasury of Tales* (Crowell) with old favorites and pictures in color.

We also have *The Magic Tooth and Other Tales from the Amazon*, by Elsie Spicer Eells (Little, Brown), an unusually interesting collection of the rich folklore of the South American Indians, as yet unfamiliar to our story-tellers; from our own Southwest, whose riches in this way we are just learning to appreciate, we have *Tewa Firelight Tales*, by Ahlee James (Longmans), illustrated with naïve and striking pictures in color by native Indian artists. Long stories about Indians include *Nadita*, by Grace Moon, who wrote *Chi Wee* (Doubleday). This new one is about a Mexican girl and the village in which she lives. Carl Moon, Grace Moon's husband, has an adventure-story, *The Flaming Arrow* (Stokes), in which an Indian boy proves his manhood by redressing a wrong and bringing criminals to justice. These are entirely reliable in regard to native ways and customs. There is another interesting story about Indians and the fascination they have for our boys, *Brother Blackfoot*, by Alan Sullivan (Century). A boy drops off a train taking him to a more conventional vacation, and puts in the time with the Blackfoot Indians in a series of adventures.

If you are old enough to teach school, or if you have anything to do with getting up entertainments, get this book: *Christmas in Storyland*, by Maud van

If you should miss the second part of Jane Abbott's story next month—

Buren and Katherine Bemis (Century). I am asked every year for modern stories to tell at Christmas, and I have had to scratch them out for myself from bound volumes of magazines. Now these ladies have gathered a volume of really good ones, all by present-day authors.

By and by we will be having an International Number, and I am saving some books for it: *Italian Peepshow*, by Eleanor Farjeon (Stokes) is one, for with its wonderful bright pictures and genuine folk stories it is like going to Italy. And *The Tomboy Cousin*, by Barbara Ring, journeys to Norway and with two amusing girls called Town Mouse and Country Mouse, and *The Mystery of Castle Pierrefitte*, by Eugenie Foa (Longmans) is a romantic historical novel from France about two boys whose identity is the mystery. *Canute Whistlewinks*, by Zacharias Topelius (Longmans) is an international book too, for these delightful tales are by the man who is to Finland and Sweden what Hans Christian Andersen is to us. The most faraway and unusual of these books is *Children of the Mountain Eagle*, by Elizabeth Cleveland Miller (Doubleday), which is about Albania, where life is much as it was a thousand years ago. The scarlets, yellows and greens of the peasant costumes come out wonderfully in the bright color plates.

Let's look at this pile of books about things to do. You remember I told you about a book called *Working With Clay*? The same series has two new ones, *With Scissors and Paste*, by Leila Wilhelm (Macmillan) and *The Piece Bag Book*, by Anna Blauvelt (Macmillan). I stopped in the midst of a busy day and read every word of this, for I was just going through my piece-bag (I am sewing carpet-rags for one of my neighbors in Vermont to weave for me on a hand loom, and goodness knows when I'll find time to finish, but it is too fascinating to give up) and this little book showed me what treasures we grown-ups throw away.

How to Enjoy Pictures, by J. Littlejohns (Macmillan), is for older readers—indeed it is for any age at all. It shows you, one after another, eight famous paintings from foreign galleries, in color and quite large in size, analyzing them with constant use of little drawings to make the meaning clear—like a personally conducted museum tour. Though not a young person's book especially, I must tell you that *The A. B. C. of Architecture*, by Matlack Price (Dutton) is just the thing for one who is as interested in architecture as some older girls are, or thinking of making it her profession, as many women do. The pictures would give anyone new eyes for old buildings.

Brain-twisters keep coming out every now and then. How intelligent we will all be with these "ask me" books and other tests! If you ask yourself the questions set down in *I've Got Your Number*, a little book by Doris Webster and Mary Hopkins (Century), mark each one "Yes" or "No" and add up the results, you will find a neat little description of your character set down under the resulting number. Only answer quickly and

(Continued on page 41)

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'Twas The Night Before Christmas



(Continued from page 13)

grand place—nicer than any country home I've seen. I don't at all see why she should stop boasting all of a sudden."

Dunny's face was toward the fire so that the girls did not see the little pucker that drew her brows together. Greta had stopped boasting, maybe because Auntie May hadn't shown up, but thank goodness for that. And the house was still, but what did they expect miles away from anywhere? The thing that mattered was that Claire had yawned three times—twice into her hand and once a great exposed yawn. She might as well suggest going to bed before Claire fell asleep on her hands!

"It must be frightfully late. I suppose we'd better get to bed so as to get up early in the morning. I hope Mr. Silent-Face will build some fires. Go on—you start, girls, and I'll blow out the candles."

They tiptoed up the stairs, led by Dunny's spotlight. Greta had gone to bed with Miss Prentiss. Dunny's lips curled scornfully at such a liberty. To Claire's and Alice's relief she said she didn't mind a bit sleeping alone.

But even after she had snuggled down under the warm blankets she did not feel sleepy. She lay very straight in the bed, wide-eyed. She had to think things out. Here, in the dark, she could face the truth that the house party was not promising to be what she had anticipated. The first evening had been a distinct failure. Maxy wasn't a bit of fun. Alice was downright homesick—talking about how cute Toots was! Claire was afraid of ghosts. Why, a ghost would be welcome just now to throw some pep into the party. And Greta—Dunny frowned. Why had Greta stopped boasting about Auntie May all of a sudden? But that mystery could wait until later. The important thing was to save the house party.

"Tomorrow we'll go out and cut down a Christmas tree for Alice," she mused. She'd read in some book about some boys and girls doing that in the country. They'd put greens around the big bare rooms to make them jollier. They'd explore around the place. They'd make old Silent-Face talk. They might get up a play. Only there'd be no one to see it, unless Silent-Face unbent a little.

She wished the house weren't quite so still. She wished she hadn't said she didn't mind sleeping alone. Of course

she slept alone at home—At home! Quite suddenly she thought of Mother and Dad at home. By this time they'd be through fixing the Christmas tree, Tommy'd be in bed. There'd be automobiles passing back and forth before the house with late merrymakers. Floss would be coming in from her Christmas Eve party, coming softly up the stairs, but not so softly that Mother wouldn't hear her and call out: "Did y. u have a good time, dear?" and Dad would remind her about the lights. Would Mother like the purse she'd bought her and left with Floss to put under the Christmas tree? And the house must be smelling all sweet with balsam now, the way it always did, and there would be bayberry candles in the candlesticks, and the tree would be waiting—

She jerked herself to an upright position. "Goodness, Dunny Fairbairn, you're as soft as Alice." She squared herself resolutely. The others would find that she'd think up some excitement that would make this Christmas Day one they'd never forget!

But Dunny did not have to think how she'd do it. She had scarcely settled herself back into the blankets when her ears caught an unmistakable sound. A door opened and shut downstairs. It shut softly but deliberately. Listening, stiff with apprehension, she heard someone walking.

It might be the caretaker—only he'd gone to bed hours ago. Maybe it was a ghost!

She slipped out of bed, put her feet into her soft bedroom slippers and threw her bathrobe over her shoulders. She took her glim but she did not switch on its light. She tiptoed out into the hall, where she encountered Greta, her eyes wide with horror. She put her fingers quickly to her lips as a sign to Greta for silence.

Together they leaned over the banister. The dying embers in the fireplace lighted the wide hallway.

They saw a man disappear through the door that led to the living-room. He was square shouldered and his hair was black. It was *not* the caretaker!

Can you imagine how Dunny and Greta felt? And who was the man who had so unexpectedly appeared upon the scene? Next month's magazine will solve for you this latest mystery by the popular AMERICAN GIRL author, Jane Abbott.



When writing to our advertisers, please mention "The American Girl"

Books

(Continued from page 39)

don't say what you think you ought to instead of what you really mean, or it won't come out right at all. I must not even begin on *Read the Pictures*, a book of rebuses (Doubleday), for I will never get through if I start on these absorbing entertainments, now back in fashion. Nor may I take time to give you some of the verses from *A Book of Charades*, by Carolyn Wells (Century), though these riddles in rhyme are brand new and so catchy you keep at them till you work them out.

Speaking of verses—did you know there was another book by A. A. Milne? It's called *Now We Are Six* (Dutton) and really is as good as *When We Were Very Young*. Indeed it is almost the same thing, for Christopher Robin has practically made up his mind to stay six indefinitely, having found it a desirable and popular time of life. There are several poets this year who are trying to give us an American Christopher Robin: *Looking Out of Jimmie*, by E. H. Flanders (Dutton), *Read It Again*, by Anna Medary (author), and *The Littlest One*, by Marion St. John Webb (Crowell), and another English one, *Magpie Lane*, by Nancy Byrd Turner (Harcourt); pleasant reading, but you know, after all, Christopher Robin did it first.

Now for a dash down the counter where the stories are. See that one called *Storey Manor*, by Ethel Cook Eliot (Doubleday)? A girl in it disappears on the very threshold of a house. *Milady at Arms* by Edith Bishop Sherman (Doubleday) and *Treasure Grove*, by the Knipes (Century) are Revolutionary stories: the treasure in the latter is in a box moored under a river. *Meredith's Ann*, by Elizabeth Grey (Doubleday) is about some nice girls in the mountains, and *The Secret of Spirit Lake*, by Joseph B. Ames (Century) is about a mounted camp raided by mysterious visitors: *Hidden Island*, by Anworth Rutherford (Little, Brown) is about two boys who find a nook in the middle of a swamp and get a big surprise there; *The Real Reward*, by Christine Whiting Parmenter (Little, Brown) is the story of a very nice family with not much money, in New Hampshire, and the way a diamond necklace, missing at a wedding, was mixed up in their affairs. *Jungle John*, by John Budden (Longmans) is good for anyone who likes Kipling.

The amusing fairy tale by Queen Marie of Roumania, *Naughty Kildeen*, has just appeared in a less expensive edition, but it still has the charming pictures that please me as much as if I were ten years old. Harcourt publishes it. One of the most artistic volumes for children that I have seen is *The Magic Pawnshop*, by Rachel Field (Dutton); the story is about a girl who needed magic because only that could save someone who very much needed it, and who found it in a satisfactory way; the pictures, which are by Elizabeth McKinstry, are as if they were painted on to the page with swift, sure strokes of red, green, or other strong colors.



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Preparing Your First Christmas Dinner

(Continued from page 19)

Gradually add two cups of the liquid in which the giblets were cooked. Strain, if necessary, season, add the chopped giblets and the sauce is ready to put into the gravy boat to serve.

Browned Potatoes

For these wash and peel medium sized potatoes. If you are in a hurry, they may be put into boiling water and cooked five or ten minutes. This is called par-boiling. Otherwise the potatoes are put in the pan with the roast and cooked for about an hour, turned and basted every fifteen minutes. They should be a golden brown when done.

Baked Squash

Cut a Hubbard squash in pieces suitable for serving. Remove the seeds. Put the pieces in the oven and cook until tender about forty-five minutes. Remove to a hot platter, sprinkle with salt and pepper and add a bit of butter to each piece.

Fairy Toast

With a sharp knife, cut bread in wafer-thin slices. Spread the slices out on baking sheets and let them stand for an hour or so to dry out, then put in the oven until they turn to a delicate brown. They are kept in boxes in a dry place until time for serving. A slice of fairy toast and a square of butter may be put on the bread and butter plate (if these are used) before the guests are seated. This is sometimes called Toast Melba.

Cranberry Jelly

1 quart cranberries
2 cups water
2 cups sugar

Wash the berries, removing all debris and bad berries. Put the cleaned berries in a saucepan, add the water and cook until the skin bursts and the berries are soft. Put the pulp through a sieve, add the sugar and stir until it dissolves. Cook until the liquid sheets from a spoon, that is, until two drops run together and break sharply at the edge of the spoon. This will require from eight to ten minutes. Put in small glasses previously rinsed in cold water. Serve one for each guest. They may be placed on the bread and butter plate before the guests are seated.

Lettuce Salad

When the lettuce comes from the market, remove and discard all the bad leaves that are unfit for food. Then remove the soiled leaves and wash in cold water. Do not, however, wet the clean unsoiled hearts. Put the wet cleaned

leaves and the hearts in a covered container and keep in the refrigerator. They are ready for use when needed. For lettuce salad, place a nest of the dry leaves on each salad plate (wet lettuce or salad greens should never be used in making a salad) and add two or three tablespoons of French dressing. Serve at once. A lettuce salad is at its best when freshly made.

French Dressing

1 teaspoon salt $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil
1 teaspoon sugar $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoon vinegar
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce

Put in a bottle in order named. Shake to form an emulsion. Keep in a cool place until needed. Shake before using.

Christmas Plum Pudding

$\frac{1}{4}$ pound currants $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound seedless raisins $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound mixed peel (orange, lemon and citron) 1 lemon (grated rind and juice)
1 orange (grated rind and juice)
 $\frac{3}{4}$ pound chopped beef suet 2 cups sifted flour
 $\frac{3}{4}$ pound bread crumbs (fresh) $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ pound sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon salt $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Sherry flavor
3 whole eggs

Mix the ingredients in the order given. Grease a mould or individual moulds. Fill partly with the mixture. Cover with a waxed paper and tie in place. Put in the steamer and steam six hours for small and twelve hours for large puddings. On Christmas day reheat for one hour and serve hot.

This recipe is a modification of one served at Buckingham Palace and was given me by Mrs. Amy Phillips of 876 Chancellor Avenue, Irvington, New Jersey.

Hard Sauce

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter
1 cup confectioner's sugar
flavoring

Cream the butter and sugar together until they are light and creamy. Add the flavoring and beat again. Put in the refrigerator until it is time to serve.

For ordinary hard sauce, add one tablespoon of vanilla. For lemon hard sauce, omit the vanilla and use one tablespoon of lemon juice and one teaspoon of grated lemon rind.

For your table decorations you may use the fruit centerpiece flanked by the candles, as you see in the picture, or you may try out a winter bouquet of bayberries, bitter-sweet, laurel leaves or any other dried wild-flowers, leaves, or berries that are common to your neighborhood. There is nothing more effective for Christmas decorations than candles—in rows on the window sills or along the mantel or on the top of the bookcase—or a bit of mistletoe.

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"Mary Jane"

(Continued from page 22)

reached the lane that led back to town, breathless and glowing. Elfrida flung back wisps of pale gold hair from her brilliant cheeks and looked at Mary Jane.

"I say—this is top-hole!" she cried. "Or ought I to say 'peachy'?" "Cheerio!" said Mary Jane.

Mary Jane was early at the next troop meeting; in fact she was the first person to arrive—so unheard-of a happening that her friends were more than ever sure something was the matter with her, when they did come. In a moment more they knew it; she was plainly bursting with one of her tremendous plans.

"Elfrida and I have been having ideas," she announced as soon as most of the troop had assembled. "Lots and lots of ideas." She wanted to say, "Elfrida has been having them," but feared the warning gleam in her friend's eyes. "Listen, you Pinecones; if you'll get busy, the day is saved."

The Pinecones listened, and got busy. Elfrida didn't count, in their opinion, as other than a foreign curiosity who talked like an English story and said "madam" to the leaders. Mary Jane did count, because the troop all agreed she was a peach. She made the lieutenant call two special meetings to which everybody was to bring anything they could lay hands on in the way of a costume. She got hold of Ruth Leland's father, the electrician, and Louise Parker's mother, the dressmaker, and Anna Burke's big brother, the carpenter. To this skilled labor the troop added willing hands. And the troop was so busy that perhaps it scarcely noticed how Elfrida was everywhere—one moment on top of a step-ladder, the next on her back under a Christmas tree—with the speed and silence of an elf indeed. She stood, pins in hand, looking at Helen Harkness' costume, which had been flung together from a mass of odds and ends in a fashion truly inspired.

"I say, you know, it is ripping!" Elfrida said, and Helen snatched hastily at her garments and reached for the pins. "Where?" she asked in annoyance, and Elfrida pealed with laughter.

"I am sorry!" she said. "I ought to have said 'great,' or 'slick'—or 'cute!'" "One on you, my little dear," said Mary Jane down the back of Helen's neck in passing.

"Ripping!" muttered Helen. "Now I ask you! Ripping means *ripping*, to me. Perfectly ridiculous!"

Among the numerous audience on the night itself, was Cappy—who had rashly risked her first journey out of doors upon this occasion. But she had been so astonished by the news that Pinecone Troop was presenting an ambitious entertainment, that she said her cure was complete. She was very proud of the troop for carrying on, and not a little curious to see what on earth they were going to do.

(Continued on page 44)

Do You Want Christmas Money?



DEAR MANAGER: I simply must tell you about how the Girls' Club has helped me. When Christmas time came around last year I was desperate for some way to get money to buy my Mother a gift.

This is my first year in high school so my money goes easily. Then, besides, I wanted to earn this money myself. How could I do it?

You see, I had forgotten all about a letter I had written to the Club. Your reply came—and in a surprisingly short time I had tucked away \$6.00. I had enough to buy such a pretty purse for Mother, a tie for Father, story books for my little brothers and clever remembrances for two of my school friends.

I wish you could have heard everyone praise my gifts!
Nellie C., N. Dak.

Of course, every girl loves to do her share of giving at Christmas time and in the Girls' Club we have such a merry time earning and spending—just as you can. Read what Betty has to say:

Dear Manager: Your Club has kept me cheerful for I managed to give as much as anyone toward my Grandfather's Christmas watch, and to get my Mother material for a pretty house dress and a much needed home convenience.

And best of all, I shall soon have enough saved up for my own dandy new sweater for outdoor fun. Maybe you don't think I am glad I joined the Club!

Betty B., Ohio

And what girl likes to ask her Father for every cent she spends? Our Club members take real pride in paying for some of their own pretty clothes and gay good times, just as this happy girl says:



Dear Manager: I am sure every girl fourteen or fifteen wants some pin money. She also likes to feel somewhat independent. For my part I hated to ask my Father for everything. My first afternoon's Club work brought me \$5.00. I never had a hat I liked better, or that I was more proud of, than the one Club money bought me.

Effie H., Pa.

Or perhaps you'd rather have some of the lovely gifts the Club has in store for hustling girls like you.

Dear Manager: The wrist watch you sent me couldn't be better. I have always wanted a watch like that—and it is much better than I'd even dreamed.

All my friends like it so well that they want to start right away and earn one in our pleasant Club way.

I am going to work for a banjo-uke and pen and pencil set now.



Jeanette R., Mass.

Write Me!

Our Club is open to every girl who reads this message and would like to share in the fun of having extra dollars for lovely Christmas gifts and holiday good times, now; and pretty clothes, Girl Scout equipment, school fun and the little pleasures every girl enjoys, all the year round.

Of course it will not cost you a cent to share in all this. Simply write me a note or card today, telling me your name, address and age, and I'll send you all the joyous details at once.

Address:

Manager of the Girls' Club

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
1055 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

If you like games, you'll want to read "Can a Girl Learn to Throw?" next month



Write Your Own Plays

BIBLE DRAMATICS

by James Watt Raine

will tell you how
anyone can do it

Expert instruction in dramatization of incidents. The author has taught hundreds of high school and college students how to do it. His book will show you. A godsend to scout leaders.

\$2.00

The Century Co.

353 Fourth Ave.

New York



INDIAN GOODS

Imported big game or archery bows, 35 to 60 pounds pull, plush grips, large horn tips, 6-ft. bow, \$5.50. 6-ft. bow, \$7.00. Hunting arrows, 28 in. long, \$7.00 per dozen. Genuine Indian made war bonnets, head fronts, plumed and side hangers, \$7.00. Indian hand-hammered silver bracelets, with turquoise mounting, \$5.00. Indian blanket, heavy material, weird design and colors, \$6.00. (Buy direct from this ad. or send 25c for arrowhead, foreign coin and catalogue of a thousand Indian articles.)

INDIANCRAFT A. G. COMPANY

466 Connecticut Street Buffalo, New York

Handicraft Specialties

YOU CAN MAKE Hand tooled and Laced LEATHERCRAFT GIFTS for CHRISTMAS. We supply complete materials ready to assemble, with Instructions for Making Bags, Billfolds, Purses, Belts, Desk Sets, Book covers and other articles. Send 40 cents for Handbook of Instructions and List of supplies.

LESTER GRISWOLD

623 Park Terrace, Colorado Springs, Colo.

PLAYS

For Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, For the Home or School Room, Dialogs, Speakers, Monologs, Minstrel Opening Choruses and Blackface Plays, Recitations, Drills. How to Stage a Play. Make-up. Catalogue FREE. T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 87 CHICAGO

"What is the Matter with Mary Jane?"

(Continued from page 43)

Mary Jane's voice spoke from the darkened stage of the big church assembly-hall.

"We want to announce that this is not the entertainment originally planned. Our captain, who was advising us, got ill, so we had to make other plans. We hope you'll like them. And we want to say that the whole scheme of this pageant is entirely due to—"

At this moment an appalling clatter from behind the scenes drowned her words and shattered Cappy's strained nerves.

"Er—" continued Mary Jane, "entirely due to an—er—an International Elf, and—er—now I guess we'd better begin."

A dim blue light slowly revealed an apparent forest of Christmas trees (five look like a forest on a smallish stage), under whose boughs crouched furtive forms. The audience saw fay-folk. If Cappy's appraising eye took in green camp uniforms besprent with hemlock twigs, and leather jackets put on hind side before, it was only because her appreciation of much effect with little means was trained and keen. At a word from the puckish leader, who had green-blue eyes and flying wisps of moon-gold hair, the eldritch company began a mad frolic hither and thither, punctuated by the effective twinkle of flashlights now and again. But all at once there glowed out among the dark branches the shape of a great shining star, and the fairy people sank down trembling. Their leader sprang up on a stump-disguised stool and cried in a wild and windy voice:

"Here rises a power more mighty than ours! Here dawns a new light on the world. Away, good folk, away, away!"

"Mary Jane's International Elf," smiled Cappy, as the curtains closed over scurrying green figures.

The next scene showed gallant knights with cardboard shields and tinfoil helmets and gay-pennoned lances. Some knelt at vigil, some paced a solemn march—but presently they too saw the Star, and vowed to follow its light till honor and love and courtesy should rule the world.

The episode which followed was a merry one. Two pretty "lads" in the ever-useful leather jackets, dragged in a bona fide Yule log and rolled it into a less convincing fireplace. There was wassail, and mistletoe, and a large and apparently genuine plum pudding. Then, while the rest of the company clapped and sang the air, two "lads" and two lassies danced "Rufy Tufty," to Cappy's real amazement. She was beginning to think that the International Elf was possessed of magic indeed to have wrought all this so shortly. "But then,"

thought Cappy, "there's Mary Jane, too." She knew Mary Jane of old.

But the Star shone in here, too. The dance stopped, and the merry-makers sang a carol—"From far away we come to you"—and thereby earned another round of applause.

History was being unrolled at a great pace. Pagan woodthings—the Age of Chivalry—Merrie England—what next, in this pageant of the Star? The final scene was to show.

From opposite sides of the stage Mary Jane and Elfrida slowly approached one another. Elfrida wore her Guide uniform and carried the Union Jack;

Mary Jane, in Girl Scout khaki, bore the American flag. They met, and Elfrida said:

"Hail, sister!"

"Greeting, sister!" said Mary Jane.

Then, standing side by side, they spoke gravely and together.

"Over all the world the trail of Scouting leads, in the paths of peace and fitness and honor. We are but two of many lands who follow. But each one of us is a link in the chain of fellowship that one day may bind the world together."

And with that, as their hands were clasped and the

Star shone out once more, there dropped seemingly from the skies small voices—"Peace, peace on earth . . ."

For one wild moment Cappy thought they were angelic voices sure enough, and that her temperature must be rising again. Then she recognized them as the Sunday school choir, practicing above in the school room. But the audience never knew that this was not the finishing touch to an artistically planned program.

Elfrida and Mary Jane looked at each other for an instant of astonishment; then their handclasp tightened.

Pinecone Troop, variously arrayed as elves, knights, and whatnot, was surging in among the audience. They had been doing some thinking, brought on by that first announcement of Mary Jane's—deliberately smothered by Elfrida's knocking over all the lances and shields of the knights behind the scenes. Pinecone Troop lifted its considerable voice.

"Two—four—six—eight—

Whom do we appreciate?

"Elfrida—Elfrida—ELFRIDA!" they shouted.

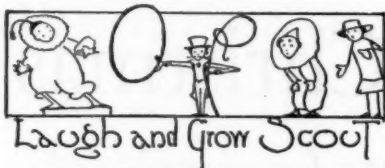
"For she's ready to help you out, Standing by you like a Scout . . ."

Red, white and blue—blue, white and red, the two flags swung gently together and mingled their folds, as the keen winter wind from an opened outer door rushed in.

"Peace, peace on earth, good will toward men," carolled the small voices above.



Eat ? ? ? ? ? ? ? for your beauty's sake—



The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

Effective Advertising!

As a farmer was leaving for the city with a load of produce he asked his wife if there was anything she wanted.

"Yes," she replied. "You might drop into one of the stores and get a jar of that 'Traffic Jam' I see advertised so much."

Sent to "Laugh and Grow Scout" by JESSIE ILDED, Cambridge, Minnesota.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.



A Problem

"I suppose," said a lady to the conductor, "if I pay fare for my dog he will be treated the same as other passengers, and be allowed to occupy a seat?"

"Of course, madam," the conductor replied, "he will be treated the same as other passengers, and can occupy a seat, provided he does not put his feet on it."

Sent by DOROTHY SCHLOSBERG, Dallas, Texas.

A Negro Boy Called Dr. Clark

NEGRO BOY: Is this Dr. Charles Clark?
DR. CLARK: Yes, this is Dr. Charles Clark.

NEGRO BOY: Am you in need of a colo'd boy?

DR. CLARK: No, I have a colored boy.

NEGRO BOY: Am you in need of a real good colo'd boy?

DR. CLARK: No, I have a real good colored boy.

NEGRO BOY: Well, this is me. Ah just wanted to check up on ma self.

Sent by BETTY HAWLEY, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Real Logic



BOBBY: Teacher, would you scold anybody for something they didn't do?

TEACHER: No. Why, Bobby?

BOBBY: Well, I didn't do my arithmetic.

Sent by VIRGINIA HUNTOON, Rocky Hill, Conn.



Children are the parents of tomorrow. Help guard their health. Buy Christmas Seals.

THE NATIONAL, STATE, AND LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES



100¢ Post Paid
This Individual Name Pencil Set
—Delights Any Child
Genuine, full grained sheep-skin leather case with coin pocket, richly embossed, containing penholder and pencils in assorted colors, point protector, ruler and sharpener. Any name engraved in 18 kt. gold. \$1.00 complete. Junior Set—3 pencils, assorted colors, embossed leather case, name engraved—50¢. The Genuine "Write Gift de Luxe Set" trade mark reg. is supreme in its class and not to be confused with ordinary pencil sets of inferior quality. Send check, money order, cash or U. S. Postage.

IMPRINT PENCIL CO., Inc., 112 Fourth Ave., A-3 N.Y.



BEAUTIFUL Sterling Silver Ring
GUARANTEED 9 Brilliant Stones
Exceptional Value—60¢.
Circulars Now Ready
UNITY SALES CO.
P. O. Box 252, Attleboro, Mass.

Cannot be duplicated at our price

MONEY
FOR YOUR TROOP
Sell Wellknown Candy
5c. Bars



NO MONEY IN ADVANCE
Send for Circular and Samples
BYLUND BROTHERS INC.
Woolworth Bldg. New York City

Find out what next month in Winifred Moses' cooking article



All Ready for Christmas

And the nicest presents for everybody!

JUST WHEN it seemed as if she couldn't afford to buy a single present, too!

"It isn't that I want to get presents, but I just love to give 'em." Mary Lou mourned to her chum Ada a month before Christmas. "It's so much fun to tie 'em up and go around with 'em Christmas morning. But my allowance won't stretch to cover even the family."

Ada was deep in the adventures of Curly in THE AMERICAN GIRL. "You know I don't believe O'Reilly had a thing

to do with Curly's plane," she said and went on reading.

Mary Lou picked up her own copy of the magazine and started turning the pages. "And another one of my troubles is that my subscription expires with this issue."

Ada came to life. "So does mine. And I hope mother remembers I want a new subscription for a Christmas present. I can't bear to lose a single copy."

But Mary Lou had come to life, too. Her eye had fallen on an announcement in the magazine, and she was busy with a pencil and paper. "I could give Billy a compass," she was saying to herself, "and wouldn't Ada love a pedometer to measure her hikes." (This under her breath.)

"Look, Ada, here's the answer to my troubles." She was so excited she could hardly talk. "Your subscription expires this Christmas and so does Jane's

school who don't take THE AMERICAN GIRL—"

"You mean to say you'd go around and get the subscriptions?" Ada interrupted. "Why, Mary Lou, you'd be a public benefactor. Jinny said yesterday that she would be a nervous wreck before Christmas—she's so afraid her family are going to forget to renew for her, and she said she was too embarrassed to say anything more about it. And mother does so hate to write letters! I know she'll never get the check off in time. You can go around to all of them—without letting us know, of course—and mother will have me off her Christmas list, and we can all be sure that we won't miss the last installment of Curly."

"And I can get all my Christmas presents here. The clock for mother, that'll take ten subscriptions. I'll get father a knife—he's always borrowing mine—three. And Billy a compass, that's two. Girl Scout stationery for Jinny will take one and a um-um-e-um for you will be four more, and a tam for my kid sister, four—that's twenty-seven in all. And if I get three more I can have my own subscription for another year. I'm sure I can do it." She was already putting on her hat. "While you all are practicing carols this afternoon I'll call on your families so you'll surely be surprised Christmas morning."

And did she do it? She did—and easily. For so many people subscribed for two years instead of one that she didn't need even thirty subscriptions and she found that she had enough for some stationery for herself and a new neckerchief that she needed badly.

Why don't you follow Mary Lou's plan? Here is a list of premiums that Mary Lou read, and it's all very simple. Just collect the subscriptions from your friends, and send in the money with the names and addresses to THE

AMERICAN GIRL. And remember these easy things: Premiums which are listed for two-year subscriptions only cannot be given for one-year subscriptions. Nor

can 1 two-year subscription be accepted in place of 2 one-year subscriptions. Part payments in money cannot be accepted.

Premiums cannot be allowed on your own subscriptions.

Premiums must be requested at the time the subscription order is sent.

And isn't it jolly that there are so many delightful premiums to choose from?

THE AMERICAN GIRL
670 Lexington Avenue,
New York City

This is the list from which Mary Lou chose her Christmas presents

Article	1 Yr. 2 Yrs.	Article	1 Yr. 2 Yrs.
Stationery	1	American Flag (2x3)	4 3
Midget Pin	1	Flashlight (large)	4 3
Song Book	1	Eagle Emblem	4 3
Aluminum Sewing Kit	1	Knickers	4 3
Stockings	1	Camp Kit	4 3
Neckerchief	1	Haversack, No. 2	4 3
Whistle	1	G. S. Handyfacts	4 3
G. S. Game Book	1	Girls' Clubs, by Helen Ferris	4 3
Guide Rope	1	Producing Amateur Entertainments, by Helen Ferris	4 3
Iodine Pen	1	Pack Sack	5 3
Bandeaux	1	First Aid Kit (large)	5 4
Knots, Hitches & Splices	1	Aluminum Mess Kit	5 4
Belt (web)	1	Troop Flag (2x3) (Lettering extra)	5 4
Scouting is Fun	1	Aluminum Canteen	5 4
Girl Guide Book of Games	1	Long Coat Suit	6 4
First Aid Book	2 1	Girl Scout Book Ends	6 4
First Aid Kit (small)	2 1	Duffel Bag (12x36)	6 4
Knife, No. 2	2 1	Pack Basket	6 5
Handbook	2 1	Poncho (45x75)	6 5
Sun Watch	2 1	Scout Emblem	7 5
Compass (plain)	2 1	Troop Flag (2 1/2 x 24) (Lettering extra)	7 5
American Girl (1 year)	3 2	American Flag (3x5)	7 5
Ring (silver)	3 2	Haversack, No. 1	7 5
Knife, No. 1	3 2	Archery Set (Special)	7 5
Flag Set	3 2	Duffel Bag (15x36)	7 5
Flashlight (small)	3 2	Duffel Bag (18x36)	8 6
Troop Pennant	3 2	Short Coat Suit	8 6
Compass (Radiolite)	3 2	Bugle	9 6
Axe	3 2	Wrist Watch	9 6
Hat	3 2	Poncho (60 x 80)	9 6
Nature Project	3 2	American Flag (4x6)	9 7
Middy	3 2	Raincoat (oil skin)	10 7
First Aid Camp Kit	3 2	Clock (Radiolite-Midget)	10 7
Standards for Flag Staffs	3 2	Bathing Suit	10 7
Pedometer	4 3	Camera Kodak	11 8
Tam No. 3	4 3	Troop Flag (3x5) (Lettering extra)	11 8
Ring (gold)	4 3	Blankets	12 8
Flag Carrier	4 3	Coat Sweater	12 10
		Troop Flag (4x6) (Lettering extra)	14 10



Read our advertisements—they tell you much you want to know

When Girl Scouts Hang the Mistletoe

(Continued from page 25)

chusetts, for instance, each girl brought to a Christmas party a gift for some other member of her troop, whose name she had previously drawn from a hat. These gifts were hung on a tree, and distributed before the entertainment, which consisted of singing, and an original play. And, of course, there were refreshments.

Seattle, Washington, girls sang at a shut-ins' party at the Union Station. All the shut-ins in town were invited and some little children from the orphanages. There was a big tree decorated with silver rain—and a jolly entertainment, as well.

"Girl Scouts of Grand Mounds, Iowa," says their captain, "clothed sixteen little children living near town as their Christmas work. They collected the clothes and had them washed and remade, and gave at least one complete outfit to every child."

The poorhouse heard carols sung by the Calais, Maine, Girl Scouts on Christmas when the troop made a trip there, carrying bags of candy for each resident. Rochester, New York, troops presented fifty evergreen trees to shut-ins, and the Girl Scouts of Chadwick, Illinois, took entire charge of the community Christmas tree celebration of their town and, after the celebration, went about the poorer districts singing carols to shut-ins.

Brownies, Bless Them!

How they love Christmas!

Gladima is sure you will like reading about a Brownie Christmas party. It may give ideas to you for a jamboree that you can give the Brownie packs in your community some time.

It happened in Philadelphia, where a Christmas party was given at the Manufacturers' Club by some good friends of the Brownie packs. Two weeks before Christmas, invitations were sent out by the Queen of Hearts, inviting the Brownies to attend. A hundred and fifty of them assembled on the appointed day—for who would miss a Christmas party if she could possibly help it!—and each one brought with her her favorite doll, as she had been told to do in her invitation.

As soon as everyone was present, the master of ceremonies told all the Brownies to separate into six groups—the Elves, the Sprites, the Fairies, the Brownies, the Pixies and the Gnomes, and each group was given a corner of its own. Then the Queen entered with her court—made up of two Brownies from each pack—and greeted her subjects graciously.



When the Queen had circled the room, she went to her throne and set her subjects the task of discovering the person who could find her tarts which had been mysteriously stolen. Santa Claus was suggested and, when his name was spoken, he appeared on a balcony and announced that, before he could get the Knave of Hearts, who was the thief, the Brownies would have to separate his magic fruit for him. With that, he threw down the fruit—balloons of different colors. The courtiers gathered these into the center of the floor, each group made a line from the center to the edge of the room, and the fruits were batted down the line to the proper corner—the purple plums to one corner, the yellow lemons to another, the oranges to another, and so on.

When all the fruit had disappeared, Santa Claus came rushing in with the Knave of Hearts by the ear, and the repentant thief returned the stolen sweets. Half these were real tarts, to eat at once, and the rest were heart-shaped packages, each containing a gift to take home.

Before the party broke up a story was told, and prizes were awarded to the dolls—who had been sitting quietly all this time—for beauty, age, and naturalness. The smallest and largest dolls also received prizes.

And the Lone Girl Scouts

We never forget them

Lone Girl Scouts can't get together at Christmas as the others can. So, to remind them that they were being thought of, Miss Cora Nelson, of the Lone Girl Scout Department at National Headquarters, sent each Lone Girl Scout a red and green blotter, with a real candle on it, standing in a holly-decorated paper candlestick that could be bent back flat against the blotter for mailing. On each blotter was the verse:

"This blotter will remind you
That on Christmas Eve this year,
Six thousand Girl Scout candles
Will be spreading Christmas cheer.
They'll shine from cottage windows
On mountain, plain and fen,
While Lone Girl Scouts are singing,
'On earth Peace, Good-will to men.'"

So the Lone Girl Scouts had a celebration of their own, after all, and were together—if only in their thoughts—as each one of them lighted her Christmas candle.

Why a Tailored Uniform?

Like Captain, like troop—that is why officers should set their troops an example of smartness and grooming by wearing a perfect fitting uniform.

Our uniforms fill these specifications, because they are tailor made. They are cut to individual measure and in accordance with Girl Scout regulations. The cloth and workmanship are of the finest.

Prices and samples of materials cheerfully furnished upon request. Uniforms can be made from olive drab serge or khaki, as desired.

Write direct to

Ridabock & Co.

149-151 W. 36th St., New York, N. Y.

Art and Craft Supplies

including Craft Leathers

Tools and Designs. Beads and Loom. Hooked-Rug Outfit and Supplies. Beeds, Raffle and All Basket Materials. Artists and China Painting Supplies, Etc. Etc.—Interesting Free Catalogues on Request. The Jayson Co. Inc., 217-219 Mercer St., N. Y. (Dept. 14)

CLASS PINS 35¢
NEW CATALOG FREE!
Desired: Sewing Machine, 25¢; Sewing Machine, 35¢; Sewing Machine, 50¢; Sewing Machine, 75¢; Sewing Machine, 100¢; Sewing Machine, 125¢; Sewing Machine, 150¢; Sewing Machine, 175¢; Sewing Machine, 200¢; Sewing Machine, 225¢; Sewing Machine, 250¢; Sewing Machine, 275¢; Sewing Machine, 300¢; Sewing Machine, 325¢; Sewing Machine, 350¢; Sewing Machine, 375¢; Sewing Machine, 400¢; Sewing Machine, 425¢; Sewing Machine, 450¢; Sewing Machine, 475¢; Sewing Machine, 500¢; Sewing Machine, 525¢; Sewing Machine, 550¢; Sewing Machine, 575¢; Sewing Machine, 600¢; Sewing Machine, 625¢; Sewing Machine, 650¢; Sewing Machine, 675¢; Sewing Machine, 700¢; Sewing Machine, 725¢; Sewing Machine, 750¢; Sewing Machine, 775¢; Sewing Machine, 800¢; Sewing Machine, 825¢; Sewing Machine, 850¢; Sewing Machine, 875¢; Sewing Machine, 900¢; Sewing Machine, 925¢; Sewing Machine, 950¢; Sewing Machine, 975¢; Sewing Machine, 1000¢; Sewing Machine, 1025¢; Sewing Machine, 1050¢; Sewing Machine, 1075¢; Sewing Machine, 1100¢; 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Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment

EFFECTIVE FOR CURRENT MONTH

Uniforms			Girl Scout Song Sheet			Nature Projects—			Troop Advancement Record		
Long Coat	Size	Price	Lots of 10 or more			Set of three (Bird, Tree and Flower Finder) with notebook cover	1.50		Troop Reports (30 sheets)	3c a sheet	
Short Coat Suit	10-18	\$3.65	Goodnight	.03		Projects, each	.40		Per sheet (broken pkg.)	25c package	
Suit	38-44	4.15	Hiking On	.30		Rock, Bird, Tree or Flower instruction sheet, each	.10				
Bloomers	10-18	4.70	Oh, Beautiful Country	.05		Star Project	.20				
Knickers	38-44	5.20	On the Trail:			Ye Andree Logge	.75				
Middy—Official khaki	10-44	2.10	Piano Edition	.40		Pageant—					
Norfolk Suit—Officer's	10-44	1.85	Midget Size	.05		Spirit of Girlhood (By Florence Howard), each	.50				
Khaki, lightweight	10-44	2.15	Lots of 10 or more	.02		Patrol Register, each	.15				
Serge	32-44	8.00	Onward	.15		Patrol System for Girl Guides	.25				
Hat, Officer's, Felt with insignia	32-44	38.00	To America	.25		Plays—					
Hat, Girl Scout's	6 1/2-8	3.00				Why They Gave a Show and How (By Mrs. B. O. Edey)	.15				
Web Belt	6 1/2-8	1.60				How Sir John Came to Bence's	.15				
Leather Belt for Officers	28-38	.65				A Pot of Red Geraniums	.15				
Neckerchiefs, Cotton, each	40-46	.75				Everybody's Affair	.15				
Neckerchiefs, silk, each	28-38	2.75				When the Four Winds Met (By Olea Schrottky)	.15				
Hat, Girl Scout's	40-42	3.00				Magic Gold Pieces (By Margaret Mochrie)	.15				
Bandeaux (to match neckerchiefs), each	28-38	.45				Lots of ten or more, each	.10				
Colors: green, purple, dark blue, light blue, brown, cardinal, black, and yellow.	40-46	2.00									
Yellow Slickers	10	3.75									
Sweaters—Brown and Green Heather	12	4.00									
Coat Model	14-20	5.00									
Slipper Model											
Badges			Flags			Miscellaneous					
Attendance Stars			American Flags			Axe, with sheath	\$1.85				
Gold			2x3 ft. Wool	\$2.80		Belt Hooks, extra	.05				
Silver			3x5 ft. Wool	3.60		Blankets—3 1/4-pound camel's hair O. D.—3 1/4-pound all wool, size 66x80	5.50				
First Class Badge			4x6 ft. Wool	4.60		Bugle	4.75				
Flower Crests			† Troop Flags			Braid—1/4-inch wide yard	.10				
Life Saving Crosses			2 x3 ft. Wool	\$2.60		† Buttons—Per Set	.25				
Silver			2 1/2x4 ft. Wool	4.20		10s—6 L to set—dozen sets	2.75				
Bronze			3 x5 ft. Wool	5.75		Camp Toilet Kit	2.35				
Proficiency Badges			4 x6 ft. Wool	8.50		Canteen, Aluminum	2.75				
Second Class Badge						Compass, Plain	1.00				
Thanks Badge						RadioLite Dial	1.50				
Heavy gold plate with bar						Cuts Running Girl	1.00				
10K Gold Pin						Trefoil	.75				
Gold Plate Pins						First Aid Kit with Pouch	.80				
Silver Plate						Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra	.50				
Insignia						First Aid Kit, No. 1	2.90				
Armband						Flashlights, Small size	1.50				
Corporal's Chevron						Large size	1.70				
Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron						Handkerchiefs—Girl Scout emblem:					
Hat Insignia (for Captain's hat)						Linens	.35				
Lapels—G. S., for Girl Scouts						Box of three	1.00				
Patrol Leader's Chevron						Cotton	.20				
Pins						Box of six	1.00				
Brownie						Haversacks, No. 1	3.00				
Committee						No. 2	2.00				
Community Service						Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair	.25				
Golden Eaglet						1 Khaki, Official Girl Scout, 30-in. wide	.40				
Lapels—G. S., Bronze						Heavy for Officers, 28-in. wide	.60				
Girl Scout Pins						Material for Brownie Uniform, 32-in. wide	.25				
10K Gold (safety catch)						Knives, No. 1	1.60				
Gold Filled (safety catch)						No. 2	1.05				
New plain type						Sheath Knife	1.60				
Old style plain pin						Mess Kit, Aluminum, 6 pieces	3.00				
Midget gold filled						Mirror—Unbreakable	.25				
Worn by Officers or Girl Scouts when not in uniform						† Patterns—					
Senior Girl Scout Pin						Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-42	.15				
Songs						Norfolk Suit, 34-44	.25				
America, the Beautiful						Brownie, 8-12	.30				
Are You There?						Pocket Signal Charts, each	.15				
Enrollment						10s of ten or more, each	.10				
Everybody Ought to Be a Scout						Poncho (45x72)	3.50				
First National Training School						Poncho (60x82)	4.75				
Girl Guide						Rings, Silver, 3 to 9	1.00				
Girl Scouts Are True						10K Gold, 3 to 9	3.00				
Girl Scout Song Book						Rope, 4 ft. by 1/4 in.	.15				
Girl Scout Songs						Lots of 5 or more, each	.10				
Vocal Booklet						Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt	.50				
Piano Edition						Serge, O. D., 54-in. wide, per yard	4.75				
						Sewing Kit, Tin Case	.25				
						Aluminum Case	.50				
						Girl Scout Stationery	.55				
						Girl Scout Stickers—each	.01				
						Per dozen	.10				
						Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-11	.50				
						Sun Watch	1.00				
						Trefoil Emblem Stickers (embossed in gold)	.02				
						3 for 5c; 12 for 15c; 100 for 1.00					
						Thread, Khaki spool	.15				
						Per dozen spools	1.20				
						† Uniform Make-up Sets—					
						Long Coat Uniform	.70				
						1 Long Coat Pattern					
						1 Pair Lapels					
						1 Spool of Thread					
						1 Set of Buttons					
						Two-piece Uniform	.85				
						1 Short Coat Pattern					
						1 Skirt Pattern					
						1 Pair Lapels					
						1 Spool of Thread					
						1 Set of Buttons					
						No Make-up sets for middies and bloomers					
						Whistles	.20				
						Wrist Watch, RadioLite	4.00				

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Girl Scout Equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

When you buy Girl Scout Equipment, please remember that you are helping to finance the promotion of Girl Scouting throughout the country, and to maintain your National Organization. Above prices are postage paid and subject to change without notice.

†Authorized department stores cannot sell these items.

*Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

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When Stamps Are Your Hobby

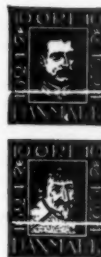
By OSBORNE B. BOND


THERE seems to be a great deal of misunderstanding among our readers as to the value of an unusual cover in comparison to the value of the stamp on that cover. The question that is most asked of me is—"Is it necessary to keep the entire envelope or can I cut the stamps off?" The answer to this is that it is very necessary to keep the entire cover and keep it in such a way that it will not become soiled.

Cover collecting started years before any of us began to collect stamps but it has been only during the past few years that it has grown to the important stage that it now holds among stamp collectors. Almost every one of us who collects stamps takes enough interest in them to give them a little thought and study. The ordinary United States two cent stamp, for instance, in used condition is worth less than one half a cent because it is very common—millions are used every day. You would want only one copy of this stamp in your collection. Now let us take the same stamp and study its possibilities on a cover—let us say, a first flight cover. A new air mail route is established. The letter with the two cent stamp on it is dispatched on the first flight. The post office recognizes this as quite an important event and so places a special cancellation on the envelope to signify that the letter in question was sent on the first flight inaugurating the air mail route. Very seldom is this special cancellation placed on the postage stamps, it is probably placed in the lower left hand corner of the envelope. This cover is interesting and valuable.

Being an air mail letter it will probably have on the back the postmark of the post office to which the letter is addressed. This is called a "backstamp." Now, you can see that if you were to cut the stamps from this cover it would be worth less than half a cent, whereas the cover itself may be worth several dollars. I have in my collection many envelopes that cost only twenty or thirty cents when they were mailed to me and now they are worth from ten to twenty dollars apiece.

Air mail covers are the things which are appreciating in value more rapidly than anything else since Colonel Lindbergh made his famous trans-Atlantic flight. My advice to all collectors is that they use every effort to get some of these different air mail covers for their collections. They may be a little more bulky to keep than an ordinary postage stamp but their rapid increase in value should more than offset this. I keep most of my covers mounted in an ordinary blank book by art corners, commonly used for holding photographs in place.





In the year
1748
Benjamin Franklin said:
"Good sense is a thing
all need, few have, and
none think they want"

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your hotel wisely and
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In order to bring new collectors into the fold the editor of the stamp column will present you with an interesting flown air mail cover if you will send return postage in addition to your name and address in asking for them.

The stamps which you see illustrated in our column this month are taken from the interesting four King set of Denmark which was issued in 1924. The unusual thing about this set is that the four different portraits of the two kings may be seen in the same block.

BRAZIL: Two new commemoratives were issued on August 11th to commemorate the first Centenary of the Foundation of the Judicial Courses in Brazil.

LUXEMBURG: This country issued a special set to commemorate the philatelic exhibition. 75,000 sets were issued and they were all sold at double face value.

MAURITIUS: A new value has been issued by this small island in the Indian Ocean. It is of four cent denomination and printed in pale olive green.

Thrills, mystery, humor, boarding-school stories—all of these in 1928

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OUR PUZZLE PACK



Christmas Puzzle Packages

The interesting display of holiday packages which we see here has our young friend guessing as to their contents. The puzzling letters and diagrams on each one do not seem to give much information at the first glance. However, we will know whether mother gets fancy doilies or grandpa his annual suspenders, by working out the various problems.

Package number one has five articles, as indicated by the acrostic. Place the five four-letter words in the squares so that the third column spelling downwards, makes the name of a useful fruit.

By moving from one letter to an adjoining one in any direction, we can solve the puzzle on number two. This package contains four articles. Number three is a rebus and so is number four. They tell in picture form what they are. Number five, which is an anagram, is solved by rearranging the letters in their proper order.

From the packages, we go to number six in the fireplace and place an appropriate word in the blank spaces. Then the letters will spell true words reading down and across.

Charade

My first is in cap, but not in gown.
My second in rare, is never in found.
My third is in vegetable, but not in fruit.
My fourth is in press, but not in suit.
My fifth is in lead, and never in zinc.
My sixth is in red, but not in pink.
My seventh in fear, is not in afraid.
My last not in bought, is always in made.
My whole word means, as you can see,
What every Girl Scout ought to be.

By GRACE W. THOMAS
Troop One, Orange, New Jersey

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, change page into book in six moves.

Concealed Groceries

Hidden in the following sentences are the names of eight things which you buy at the grocery store.

Clad in a most divine garment, he stood in the doorway, his hand on the knob, uttering the words of a romantic love song. But with his altered coat, he came to the rustic inn a month later. "Ho!" he cried, "that tub reddy yet?" The innkeeper, with logic of feeble reasoning, only drew what was the first arc he had ever made.

Puzzle Pack Word Square

Upper Left

1. To strike forcibly with hand
2. Store of knowledge
3. Space
4. A fruit

Center

1. A frame work
2. Boy's name
3. Concern
4. Past tense of know

Upper Right

1. A bundle
2. Soon
3. An inner part
4. Joint in leg

Lower left

1. Noise made by dog
2. End of prayer
3. City in Nevada
4. A tie in a cord

Lower Right

1. To roll together
2. Anger
3. Latin for field
4. Saucy

An Enigma

I am a nationally known motto of twelve letters—

My 5, 10, 11, 8, make fine dry particles.
My 6, 1, 3, is a head covering popular in olden times.

My 2, 7, 12, is a snare.

My 4 and 9 is the correlative of either.

By FRANCIS PIKE

Holly Troop Three, Aberdeen, Washington

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

DO YOU KNOW OUR AUTHORS?

The top of picture one + the bottom of picture four = Augusta Huiell Seaman.

The top of picture two + the bottom of picture eleven = Samuel Scoville, Jr.

The top of picture three + the bottom of picture five = Edith Ballinger Price.

The top of picture four + the bottom of picture one = Jane Abbott.

The top of picture five + the bottom of picture three = Lou Henry Hoover.

The top of picture six + the bottom of picture eight = Ellis Parker Butler.

The top of picture seven + the bottom of picture nine = Mary Frances Shuford.

The top of picture eight + the bottom of picture six = Albert Payson Terhune.

The top of picture nine + the bottom of picture ten = Phyllis Duganne.

The top of picture ten + the bottom of picture seven = Helen Wills.

The top of picture eleven + the bottom of picture two = Thomson Burtis.

This is the last 1927 "American Girl." Don't forget to renew for 1928!

MACMILLAN BOOKS for BOYS and GIRLS



The Golden Bird. By Katharine Gibson. \$2.50.

From the folklore of such countries as Egypt, Greece, France, and China, these legends have been chosen and retold for boys and girls. The beautiful binding and illustrations, in color and black and white, make this an attractive gift.

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A tale of the Northwest and Roselle of the Flying Heart who lives with the Indians and white trappers.

**Mrs. Chatterbox and Her Family
By Louise Connolly \$2.00**

A delightful story for the whole family of a little girl in Washington in the days following the Civil War.

**The Moon's Birthday
By Dorothy Rowe \$2.00**

Stories of Chinese children. The colored illustrations by a Chinese artist make this a fine gift for one's young brother or sister.

A Girl in White Armor. By Albert Bigelow Paine. \$2.50.

The life of Joan of Arc by a famous biographer who is also a well known writer of books for boys and girls. There are many illustrations from photographs and a decorative endpaper and jacket which make it an excellent gift book.

Midsummer

By Katharine Adams \$1.75

Some of the boys and girls whom we met in Midwinter, spent a vacation in a Swedish castle on the rocks.

**Becky Landers: Frontier Warrior
By Constance Lindsay Skinner \$1.50**

Becky becomes the man of her family and learns to hunt and trap as well as sew and weave. An exciting story for girls from twelve to fifteen.

Araminta

By Helen Forbes \$1.75

Araminta when she is eleven years old finds a baby. What she does with it and how she spends her summer makes an interesting story.

**Little Black Eyes
By Karlene Kent \$2.00**

Theatre Going, The Great Sweeping Day, The Grasshopper Hunt; a few of the chapter headings that tell about the life of a little Japanese girl.



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
60 Fifth Avenue ~ New York

CHICAGO BOSTON ATLANTA DALLAS SAN FRANCISCO



What sort of gift does your mother *really* want for Christmas?

IF YOU picked out your mother's Christmas gift on the basis of what you would yourself like, she might be the astonished recipient of a new pair of skates, a hockey stick, a leather jacket or even a camping outfit.

But Christmas giving doesn't mean that. It means trying to find the one thing that will bring the most happiness to the person who receives it.

And that isn't always easy. It calls for a lot of thinking and planning—and maybe some ingenuity—to manage just exactly the right thing.

But if you care a great deal for someone, you are almost sure to know the sort of thing that will mean most to that person. And when it comes to mothers, the things they need most are a little more time for the fun

that the others have—don't you think—and a little less work so they won't be too tired to enjoy that fun?

There are quite a number of things that will bring such helpfulness into your mother's days. One of them is a Hoover—to make her cleaning easy and speedy, and to give her the joy of a cleaner home than ordinary cleaning ways can possibly accomplish.

You think it's a rather big gift for one girl? But what about the family? Wouldn't it be nice for everyone to join in giving her such a really worth-while helper?

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